THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR

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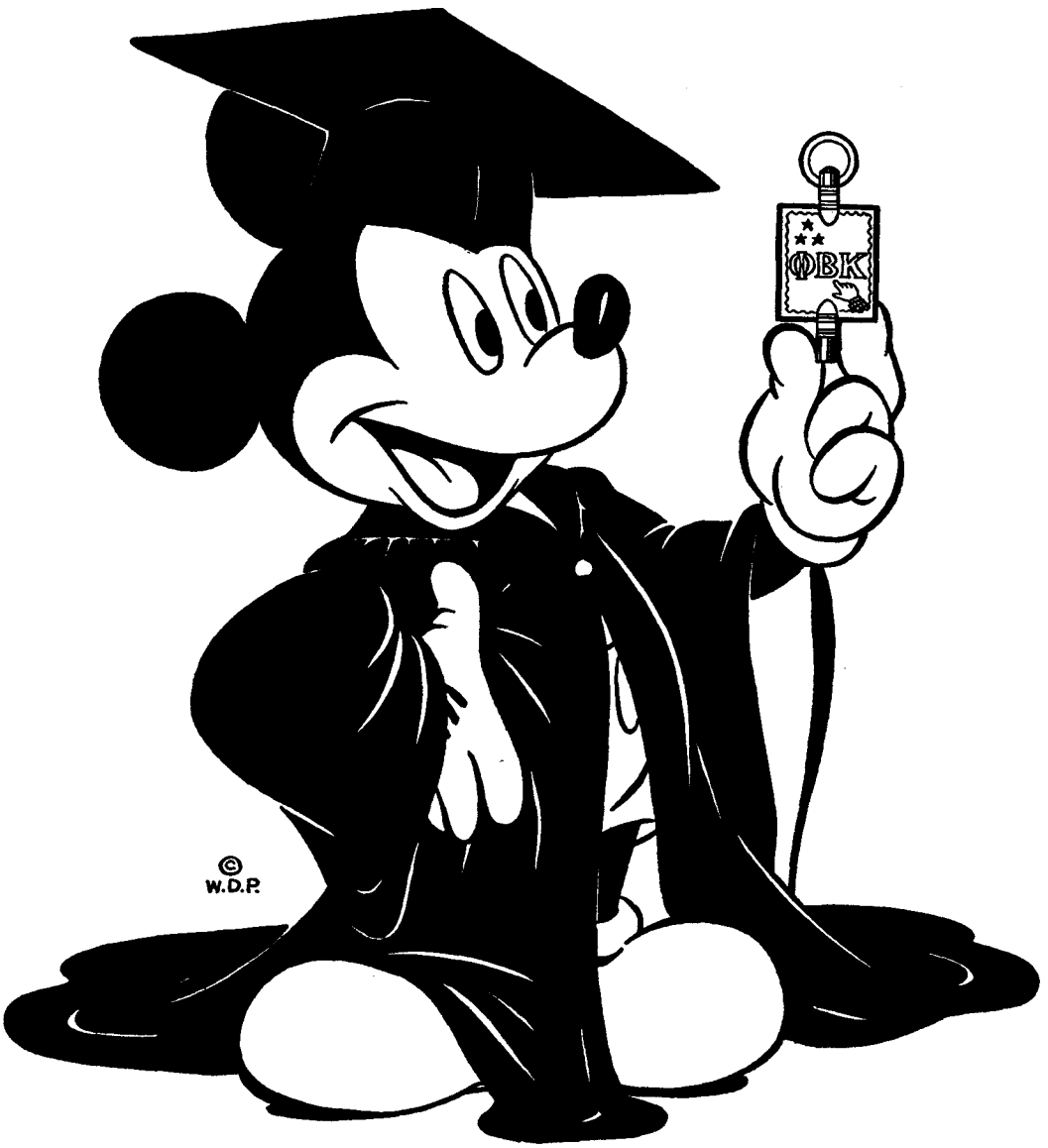

Drawn especially for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR Courtesy of the Disney Studios

MICKEY GETS PLACES

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But Is It Art?

A Disney Disquisition

JEAN CHARLOT

THE problem of animated drawing does not date from the advent of the movies. Cinematic animation, however artificial its relationship to the static medium of painting, has tempted artists from the very beginning of human time. The boar of Altamira, galloping on four pairs of legs, is echoed across the millennia by Balla's futuristic dog whose legs in action resemble two full-pleated skirts. Both superimpose a sequence of action snapshots on one composite image. Dürer in his "Martyr of Ten Thousand Christians," Duchamp in his "Nude Descending the Stairs," use another principle—the multiple exposure of a moving body on a single photographic plate. Giotto suggests actual gesticulation through key postures. It takes two people out of his crowd to act despair—one with arms raised and extended, the other with arms and hands gathered forcefully to the head. Picasso, battling against the resistance of his medium to the expression of mechanical movement, brings forth obscure palimpsests of superimposed images. The predellas showing successive scenes from the life of a Saint, the "funnies" in our Sunday papers, present action simultaneously in and out of time. So does a cinematographic film, unrolled and flat. In a subtle way, when the rigid line of the classic gives way to the loose contours of the romantic, the released line frees the painted personage from his carcan of geometry, allows his muscles to ripple and his breast to heave. The baroque masters go furthest into movement—use turmoil as a rule of composition.

It is no superficial urge that makes the painter crave animation, but an essential instinct, as deeply rooted in our nature as

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the sense of width, height and depth. As Dr. Carrel bluntly puts it, man lives physically in a world of four dimensions—the three that can be measured with an inch tape and the fourth with a watch. Time, in effect, is a condition to our being. The curved graph that our body traces while growing from ovus to manhood and receding into dust is vitally ours, impossible to conceive outside the time element. So too are its pettier daily gestures. A measurement of height and weight describes us only in terms of a given date. Any family album of snapshots show a single entity—the tottering baby, the college boy, the bridegroom, the happy father—in the guise of diverse and unrelated bodies. These are selected slices cut into a trajectory through time, into a fourth dimension so physical that, like the other three, it is not outside the camera's reach. The world a man paints is optical, a strictly physical world of objects and bodies. The painter cannot, like those artists who deal in words, treat of time in its imponderable essence. He cannot, like the family album, suggest it over long periods. He can catch time only at its point of impact with the other three dimensions, when it clothes itself in movement.

Because approximate means of animation have been routine among painters for centuries it is difficult to believe that, when a more convincing means has been evolved, its use will bring us (as some suggest) from fine arts to a nondescript bastard medium into which art critics will not dip. Of course animated drawing differs from painting and sculpture, but it will remain art inasmuch as the new freedom brings with itself its own limitations. The main difference between immobile painting and cinematic drawing lies in the fact that the element of time which is artificial to the former becomes one of the essentials of the latter. In this sense animated drawing partakes of the qualities of music, poetry and the dance. It must be appreciated not only in terms of simultaneous proportion, as in painting, but also in successive tempos that have a beginning and an end.

The animator had mostly to discard the classical shapes cherished by painters—the sphere, the cube, the cylinder—for the

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very reason which makes their painted excellence: Raphael's beloved sphere, Seurat's canon of beauty, the cylinder, remain unchanged in shape from whatever vantage point they are seen. Raphael's Madonna, Seurat's "Promeneuse," could look only dull if whirled on a screen; for, beautiful in repose, they are no more adapted to movement than an Ionic column. Sculpture and cinema call for surprising changes of form as an accompaniment to the shifting of points of view. Let us say that a piece of pie is a classical shape for the purposes of animation inasmuch as its top view is triangular, its side view rectangular and its periphery circular. In Disney's "Ugly Duckling" we see a decoy duck floating over the waves. As the duck bobs up and down our point of view changes vertically from ground plan to airplane view, while the shifting currents that carry the duck into a circular movement familiarize us with both its sides. We get out of this thorough observation of its illusive and complex volume the same esthetic enjoyment we should derive from handling and petting an African carving.

In painting we get a sense of proportion when one volume is compared with others. This is also true of animation but here a volume can also compare itself with itself in time. Disney handles this comparison most successfully when he uses abstract volumes—for example the swarm of bees who shift their strategic attack on Mickey from pyramid to sphere and back to pyramid. But the same observation holds true of all the actors. A thinnish personage rotating, both arms extended downwards at a forty-five degree slope, transforms himself into a cone perched upon the stem of his legs, a human Christmas tree. When the arms are extended at an angle nearer to the horizontal the rotating body becomes a parasol. If the arms are raised upwards at a forty-five degree angle, the rotating shape is that of a chalice or funnel.

This sort of transfiguration may sound like a parlor game but has deep plastic significance. Whereas sculptor and painter perforce treat constant shapes, the animator (without needing to use an abstract language) can at will bring into being and

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discard the series of shapes which the body in movement creates as naturally as the mouth spouts forth words. This plastic language depends on the degree of the relationship between the evoked shapes and the mother shape. A cylindrical man may use cubic gestures; a thin man may revolve himself into spheres. The modification may be less obvious—it may be a slight shuffling of the component measurements, the swelling of the chest, the rolling of a muscle (or, in a close-up, the movement of an eyelid over the sphere of the eyeball). Contrasts and affinities make up a language of movement as suggestive as the language of line or color.

Animation portrays the rolling of waters, the mutiny of fire, the growth of spring, whereas the painter is bound by a set of childish symbols—the wave, the flame, the flower. To use the Chinese terminology (which recognizes constant form as distinct from constant principle), painting can tackle the form but only suggest the principle, whereas the principle is well within the range of animation. When Cézanne tips Madame Cézanne and her chair we can check their unnatural angle only against the rigid verticality of other painted lines. When Titian in his "Baccanale" places a wine-glass in the hand of a Maenad he opposes the tipsy diagonal of the stem to the horizontality of the liquid level. The animator does not have to oppose line to line but, more richly, lines to law. In a drunken scene the animated drunk battles against the vertical pull of gravity, makes it the very real if invisible prop against which he essays dangerously diagonal attitudes. The wine-glass he carries can multiply its angles graphically in a pendulum movement set against the immovable reproach of a horizontal liquid.

It has been said that cinematic movement will weaken painting by bringing an added naturalness into the medium. Were there no bounds to means we should it is true have nature instead of art. But movement brings in the element of time and time is a discipline in itself. The elusive time which a painter may conjure up slows down or hastens its pace at will, for it is a

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subjective time. But the time which the animator has to deal with is time measured by a clock. It reigns implacably within the work of art as it does in life; the artist cannot manipulate it but can only toe to its beat. The addition of movement gives freedom of a sort to drawing but it also constructs new boundaries. Since the "short," to be of commercial value, must be compressed into a seven-minute duration the artist is forced into the concision and precise dosage of the moods that one finds in a Japanese *hai-kai.* Artificiality is restored.

The space within which the painter sets his volumes does not call for much elasticity as a counterbalance to their static pressure, for his means include those delicate gradations and veils of air with which a Rembrandt, a Monet, suggest infinite recessions. The animator can also lick and polish his backgrounds with tonal washes until they are as spatial as a painting. But when the drawn puppet steps onto this highly refined stage his blaze of color, his mesh of black outlines, give the lie to the refined setting out of which he has hatched. In order to live and breathe the puppet must create a more functional space around itself, and gesticulation is the only spatial means within its range. With its legs and arms the cartoon-creature pushes away from itself the flatness of the screen that would engulf it, proves space to itself and to us by whirling and running. Like the water-insect enclosed within its own air-bubble, the puppet lives within his subjective private space.

Here is reconciled the clash between the cubists, who would limit a picture to its rectangular outline, and the impressionists, who view the rectangle as a window opening onto unlimited vistas. For the moving screen (responsive to the settings demanded by promenades and pursuits) may at times unroll dioramas vaster than those of a Monet; whereas at other times the scene may be so rectangularly circumscribed by the boundaries of the screen that the personages who rush against the walls, ceiling and floor of that cubist heaven bounce back with broken ribs and bleeding noses. The moving picture has here developed a new plastic theory, that of contrast, and the two

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great schools of thought that painting bred are equally good ingredients for the cinematic sauce.

Peculiar laws govern the landscape in which animation takes place. Although in real life topography governs our movements, in the realm of animation the trees, houses, furniture, are all born of or submit to our own movement. There may be any number of trees in a landscape but they efface themselves from the path of a running creature. Or if a bump there must be, they pile up on the track. Objects have no other weight or texture than that proved by their contact with movement. Of two similar walls one will be passed through as in a dream whereas another will provide a harsh fall. People obey the laws of gravity when need be or they float in air or multiply themselves till they are in three or four places at once. This high-handed use of natural laws to suit special purposes effects a release in us more joyful than any gag. We who have suffered since birth from an incessant pull at our coat-tails by centripetal forces, who tiptoe through life avoiding evilly-set obstacles, rejoice when flung into the world of animation where our moves impose their own elbow room over all creation.

Poussin built up small *maquettes* of places with mannequins propped up at given points and thus established his horizontal composition on ground level before he collapsed the whole scene on the window-pane of the vertical canvas. But not even the severe calculations of a master can overcome the congenital weakness of painted depth—at best only a poetic approximate to physical width and height. Depth dwells in animation as sturdily as height and width, its trail spun under our very noses by the personage in action. Painters who know that depth is a lie use it with discretion, plan spatial compositions that are relatively simple when compared with the refinements of the surface schemes they develop. Animation, by removing their scruples, makes complexity legitimate when they are composing in depth.

Just as a painter composes with physical volumes, an animator composes mainly with diagrams based on motion. The con-

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tinuity of movement as stored by the retina is a pictographic language, related to its moving source as slightly as, for example, figures cut on ice are to the skater. More exactly, composition by movement, since it is in three dimensions, can be compared with the luminous trail left by a swiftly-moving cigarette tip in the dark. Its scheme, moreover, can be more severe than that which the natural form admits of. Who has not thrilled at the spiral into space evoked by the gyrating musicians caught by the cyclone in "Mickey's Band Concert"? No one would be more delighted by it than Hogarth; for here at last, in its three-dimensional reality, has been realized that Line of Beauty, the S shape which, with the imperfect techniques of the painter, Hogarth strove to wind into space by coiling it around a superfluous cone. That spiral which the painter can only hint at and the sculptor can only freeze, animation brings to life.

In discussing the new medium one dreams of endless achievements. It has been suggested that in the hand of a Michelangelo animation could evoke Sistine Chapels; that if this came to pass all the work painted in the pre-Disney era would become as obsolete as stereoscopic views in our decade of "talkies." But the actual use to which animation has been put is perhaps not so much the first mouthings of a wonder child as a classic flowering of the medium. The gesture of the Sistine Christ is beautiful because of its arrested motion; its timing and completion would bring it down to the range of accidentals. On the contrary Donald Duck could gain nothing by being frozen into architecture, for his soul shines brighter amid fits of motion. Animation needs to treat a gesture as continuously in the making; its actors must strive and quibble on a plane low enough to make events or inanimate things conspire against their endeavors, corner them into muscular reactions. When the Mouse has triumphed over its enemies and enters into Beatitude the "short" is over, the fade-out nears. For Mickey steps thus out of the range of the animator, enters the static realm proper to other arts. Michelangelo could not have conceived his heroes

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at a stage previous to apotheosis and might therefore have been a poor man to handle the fluid medium of animation. But it is also true that baroque minds—a Greco, a Magnasco, a Daumier—who worked in a static medium but were haunted by dynamics, would have welcomed cinematography.

In the movies a comic angle and functional beauty are one. The shape that genuinely animates, that brings swift changes from profile to front view and is elastic enough for gesticulation, may have to be funny. The motive, and the shape which implies movement, pull the screen personage from the severity of the permanent into the continuous surprise party of the impermanent. Disney's creations are no vagaries. They are shapes modelled strictly along the lines of their function, and their function burgeons into beauty. When Doc turns around and the sphere of his skull melts blushingly into the twin sphere of his nose, one gets an impact of functional beauty. For Doc is as fully consistent with the cinema as Raphael's Virgin is consistent with paint. Beautiful art must be conditioned by the medium, as our own body is by function. To have flowered into appetizing womanhood Galatea must have started out as a very poor piece of sculpture. When human shapes—Snow White or the Prince Charming—are seen side by side with Disney shapes on the screen it is the human that suffers.

Where plastic language is concerned this newest of arts is a major achievement. The painted fan, the radiator cap, may be a reflection of the major art trends of the day but animated drawing is a microcosm of style complete within itself. Though its evolution follows the graphic drawn by the history of art it does so at its own regal good will, in a tempo that within a very few years has telescoped the primitive, classic, baroque and decadent styles which painting took centuries to investigate.

The earliest animation, though the story was jammed with gags, confined itself with a Giottesque severity and decision to black and white. Backgrounds evolved more rapidly than personages from this "primitive" stage because their handling made smaller technical demands upon their creators. They ran

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through a whole gamut of styles only to nestle finally, and triumphantly, in a ladylike photographic rendering. Personages, which labored under the handicap of more involved technicalities, made slower progress. They have now reached a stage where local color has been added to the black outline, where they resemble Gothic windows whose opaque leading partitions light into color. The animated beings of today and their creators seem somewhat absent-minded apropos this archaic glory which is theirs. Alas! some new technical kink may yet rid them of their rigid outline and permit them to melt into their background, long seated on the lap of the Academy. We have already seen the seven dwarfs, emerging from their cave into the sunset, shed their flat Gothic livery for the contrasting light and shade of the High Renaissance!

Cubism had dreamt of an impersonal art that would replace the free-hand line and the open-brush stroke with patterns appropriate to ruler and compass; that would substitute flat areas of tone, as bare of individuality as a newly-painted wall, for subtle shadings. Since works of this sort could be multiplied by mechanical means, the world might at last rid itself of the idolatry of the "original," might resuscitate ancient collective traditions, Gothic and Egyptian. Leger, Gleize and Gris came close to realization, but neither dealers nor collectors wished to endorse an art that was not for the few. Though the cubists had evolved a means their art-for-all dream, their cathedral, was side-tracked on its way.

Without benefit of critical appraisal, and whipped into form by the pressure of balance sheets and the profit motive, the animated cartoon is nevertheless the unexpected flowering of the cubist seed. In this cartoon the impersonality of a work of art has been captured, the cult of the "original" has been smashed. The drawings are manipulated by so many hands from the birth of the plot to the inking of the line that they are propulsed into being more by the communal machinery that grinds them out than by any single human being. A first draft

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for a film reveals the creative heat through its pedimenti, erasures, clinical additions in blue or red pencil; it goes further into the alchemy of transmuting form into motion than did many of the Masters. But this holography, which makes the sketch worthy of a Museum, is still not sufficiently purified for the severe standards of the cartoon. Personality is squeezed out through multiple tracings until the diagram, its human flavor lost, becomes an exact cog within the clockwork. The key drawings are cross-sections of each gesture at its mechanical and emotional climaxes. Numerous hands patiently perform the intermediates until the flow of images, so many to a beat, parallels the tempo of the sound track. Time, the fourth dimension, is the conductor which orchestrates the great volume of drawings and files them into a coherent whole. Far from a free-for-all, this motion art composes not only in the media of surface and depth, but uniquely and rigidly in that of time.

Truly an art-for-all, these great murals that move are pets of the people. Ucello's gigantic horseman has become green mold on its smoked wall; ancient frescoes are entombed in deserted museums. It is altogether fitting that new murals should emerge in those places where the living congregate. The new subject-matter illustrates the sharp cleft between our rationalism and our imaginative urge. We work, love, eat and sleep within a riddle of financial pursuit, our brains overbrim with common sense. We bow to this newly-created pantheon of animal godlings, Mickey Mouse et al., for they are different from us, godlike, irrational.

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"Perish the Jew!"

CHARLES A. MADISON

JEWBAITING in Germany is not a Nazi innovation, as some are inclined to think. It has an old history. As far back as the 8th century, missionary monks had used it in their attempts to convert the pagan tribes to Christianity. The Jews then living in the commercial centers along the Rhine had begun migrating there soon after the Roman conquest of Palestine. Having for good or ill dedicated themselves to a God different from and, in their view, superior to the gods worshipped by other peoples, they could not but feel themselves apart from and on a higher plane than the pagans among whom they had settled. Exile and discrimination they accepted as punishment for their sins. Their belief in a Messiah having become identified with their faith in Jehovah, they clung to their religious precepts with the anxiety of a last hope. In many instances they continued to observe the Hebrew ritual even after intermarrying with the women of the heathen natives. Their exotic mode of living and their obvious cultural superiority had gained them the respect of their unprejudiced neighbors, and for centuries they lived among them apart and in peace. Not till the proselyting monks (who were fearful lest the pagan Germans whom they were seeking to convert might turn to Judaism as the older of the two religions having the same God) had begun to excoriate them as dissidents and Christ-killers did the Jews feel the sting of prejudice. *De Insolente Judaeorum*, published in 822 by Agobard, Bishop of Lyons, was the first of many attacks upon Jews by leaders of the Church.

On the whole, however, this prejudice was slow to take root. Conversion *en masse* had at first little effect on the lives of the German peasantry. Indeed, Jews continued to be well treated throughout the Carolingian period. Whereas pagans in Saxony

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and elsewhere were slaughtered by the thousands for refusing to undergo baptism, the Jews within the German realm were welcomed in high places. Prominent lay Christians, taking their faith to heart, tended to honor their Hebraic neighbors for being of the race of Jesus. Moreover the Jews were making themselves very useful to the rising feudal aristocracy as merchants and traders, since they had been driven off the land by the decree stipulating that slaves owned by them must be freed on becoming Christian. Charlemagne himself employed Jews on political missions to the East as well as in his court. Even as late as 1024 Rudiger, Bishop of Spires, recorded: "Wishing to make of Spires a city, I thought to increase its honor a thousandfold by bringing in the Jews." The position of the Jews during this period is well summarized by Marvin Lowenthal in *Jews in Germany*: "The importation of comforts and luxuries, the exportation of surpluses of labor and products, the maintenance of home markets, and the provision through it all of revenue to the state, guaranteed the Jews place and survival in the German scheme."

But leaders of the Church, zealous for new souls and jealous of those in power, persisted in attacking the Jews for refusing to embrace the Christian religion. In sermons and in solemn epistles they excoriated the stiff-necked nonconformists. They argued that since the Jews were obviously cursed by God to servitude and suffering, it was the duty of good Christians to perform the will of God. The early Christian merchants, who appeared in Venice in the 10th century and not long after that in cities to the north, joined the prelates in the agitation against the Jews. Unable to compete with rivals who were both more experienced and better connected with co-religionists in distant commercial centers, the Christian business man urged that these shrewd dissidents be driven from their counting rooms. Restriction after restriction followed. In time many Jews were forced to supplement their shrunken trading with the only other activity open to them alone—usury.

This involuntary change from productive commerce to para-

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sitic pawnbroking proved disastrous to the Jews in Germanic Europe. Whereas for generations the Jewish merchants, who had made possible the enjoyment of a higher standard of living, were generally respected and encouraged in their enterprise, Jewish usurers who profited from the adversity of others were hated and despised. It is worth noting that the Sephardic Jews in Spain and Portugal (who had not been forced to become moneylenders) remained a proud and honored part of the people until they ran afoul of the minions of the Inquisition. In German lands, however, Jews were no sooner compelled to make debtors of nobles and neighbors than the agitation against them, for centuries unpopular and ineffectual, suddenly caught fire in the hearts of thousands. Those who owed them money at a high interest were only too easily tempted by the incitements of fanatics and demagogues. Sporadic massacres and expulsions began to occur throughout Western Europe. True, the massacres were petty and the expulsions temporary, but they were ominous of the calamities to come.

Before the First Crusade was organized in 1096 the Jews were still relatively well off. They clustered together, particularly in the larger commercial centers along the Rhine, throve economically and fostered the study of holy lore. Gershom ben Judah, the "light of Israel" of his generation, had died in 1040 but the school he had established continued to flourish and to send its learned emissaries to distant cities.

Suddenly the fury of the Crusaders struck the Jewish communities with the devastating force of a hurricane. Inflamed by the zeal to save Jerusalem from the Infidel Turk, ready to die for the greater glory of Christ, the hysterical adventurers were only too eager first to avenge the death of their Lord upon the accursed Hebrews in their midst. Many were of course moved by the desire for loot; but all saw the logic of finishing with the defenseless Jews at home before engaging in battle with the ferocious Mohammedans 1,000 miles away. According to Ekkehard, a contemporary chronicler, the crusaders "either

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utterly destroyed the execrable race of Jews wherever they found them (being even in this matter zealously devoted to the Christian religion) or forced them into the bosom of the Church." By the time the champions of the Cross were well on their way to fight the forces of the Crescent more than 10,000 Jews lay dead in the Rhenish province and not a Jewish district remained unscathed. The armies of the subsequent Crusades followed the established pattern; if the result was less bloody it was only because there were fewer victims at their disposal.

Ever since that time the Jews have been made the convenient scapegoat during every period of crisis. The story of their persecution continued to repeat itself over and over. Forced ever to increase their rate of interest in order to pay to princes and bishops the excessive taxes for their presumed protection (and to be despised all the more therefor by both noble and rabble), made a butt by popes and emperors in their prolonged struggle for European supremacy, the Jews existed through the ensuing centuries without either rights or privileges. At best they were tolerated; at worst they suffered both massacre and banishment. Always they were at the mercy of greedy rulers and clerics on the one hand and of infuriated mobs on the other. In 1215 Pope Innocent III, maintaining that the Jews were doomed to eternal servitude and unworthy of Christian mercy, decreed that they wear thenceforth a yellow patch as a mark of obloquy. Not long after, in 1241, the Synod of Breslau established the Ghetto in the larger towns of Western Europe. Other forms of discrimination were devised from time to time and additional taxes were levied whenever the emperor or lesser dignitary had need of money.

What the higher churchmen proclaimed as a matter of principle or expedience the petty clergy and disgruntled masses made use of for their immediate advantage. The poor peasants and manual laborers, cruelly exploited by their feudal masters, found it easy to believe the priest and noble who fastened the blame for all their troubles upon the Jews. It was therefore

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only natural that the peasants should fall upon them at every opportunity. The accusation of ritual murder—a rite originally attributed by the pagans to the early Christians but later laid specifically at the door of the Jews—was at the root of numerous mob outbreaks. Although the charge was declared a scurrilous libel by Emperor Frederick II in 1236 and by Pope Innocent IV in 1247 it nevertheless brought about the destruction of tens of thousands of innocent lives. The Jews were also believed responsible for the frequent plagues that swept across Europe and were punished accordingly. Because, as a consequence of their observance of the prescribed dietary and sanitary rituals, these miscreants suffered relatively little from contagious disease they were presumed to be in league with the devil and to be the perpetrators of every pestilence—from the recurrent mild epidemics to the devastating Black Plague. They were therefore killed in large numbers. In the years 1348-50 nearly 350 Jewish communities suffered the ordeal of massacre. Truly, in the words of Enricus of Erfurt, "*die Juden werden viel verbrannt.*"

That the German Jews survived at all during these dark centuries was owing to their unswerving faith in Jehovah and their extremely meek demands on life, but mostly to the political disunity of Germany. In other countries the establishment of a strong central government led to the complete expulsion of this unwanted minority. England banished its Jews as early as 1291. France adopted the same drastic measure in 1306 although the decree was not fully enforced until 1394. A century later, when Ferdinand and Isabella succeeded in uniting the provinces of Spain, the proud Jews of that country suffered the same fate. In German lands, however, the multiplicity of rulers, powerful and petty, precluded the complete banishment of Jewish subjects. Spite and greed moved the seesaw of persecution. In many a town threatened exile was only a means to increasing the price of "protection." Time and again the Jews were able to cajole an avaricious prince into saving them from a rabble bent on plunder. More than once

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the victims of a massacre or of a cruel "protector" found asylum in the cities of a more tolerant ruler. After the Black Death epidemic the great decrease in population and the accelerated economic activity made Jews welcome in towns in which they had been despoiled only a year or two previously. And not a few of the exiled victims so loved the land of their birth that they were only too willing to return from their asylums in Poland and elsewhere.

When Martin Luther's defiant theses set in motion the forces that brought about the Reformation the Jews of Germany envisaged the beginning of a new and happier era. In 1523 Luther wrote kindly of them and excoriated the Catholic Church for its vindictive attitude toward them. He assumed that friendliness would win the Jews to his church. He completely disregarded the fact, however, that for more than a millennium most of them had preferred death to baptism and that no form of Christianity could replace in their hearts the religion of their fathers. Subsequently, therefore, when he became convinced of their stiff-necked obstinacy he exceeded the medieval monks in his intolerance and urged his followers to give the Jews the choice of conversion or expulsion. Many a pious prince, hanging upon Luther's words, drove the obdurate outcasts from his lands—but made certain that they left their goods behind. Other Protestant potentates, more worldly, preferred to keep their Jewish subjects but to tax them to the utmost limit.

After the terrible Thirty Years' War, which reduced the German population from twenty millions to six and made a shambles of entire regions, the lot of the Jews became less onerous. They were still massacred on occasion, banished from some cities and not permitted to settle in others; but the urgent need to rehabilitate the devastated country made them a desirable adjunct of the national economy. Moreover the increasing demand for capital growing out of the rise of modern commerce and industry gave a number of Jews the opportunity

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to display their skill in money matters. During the time of the Great Elector and later under Frederick the Great some of them were appointed *Hoff-Juden* or financial agents and advisers to the various courts. One of them was the chief character of *Jew Süss*, the famous novel by Lion Feuchtwanger. Others were made *Schutz-Juden* or privileged Jews in recognition of their successful commercial enterprise. The majority of the Jews, however, although on the whole they were tolerated, were crowded into Ghettos and limited to peddling as a means of livelihood. When the Prussian Minister Dohm was induced by Moses Mendelssohn to write in 1781 *On the Civil Amelioration of the Jews* his indictment was conclusive. With agriculture forbidden to the Jews and craft and trade guilds closed to them, he argued, "nothing, consequently, is left to this unfortunate people but commerce. Yet in commerce they are handicapped by stringent restrictions and onerous taxes, so that only a lucky few can become wholesalers. For the most part they remain tied to peddling and petty trade."

When the Age of Enlightenment burst upon an awakened world with the glory of its cultural achievement the Jews of Germany, after more than 1,000 years of residence, persisted in the incrusted orthodoxy of their ancient *mores*. Centuries of oppression had only strengthened their faith in Jehovah and their yearning for the true Messiah; forced isolation from the society of their neighbors had tended to accentuate their intellectual inbreeding; the contempt which made ominous the walls of their Ghettos had merely intensified their spiritual disregard for the world without. They hugged their ancient ritual and their Hebraic fatalism as if their very existence depended upon these religious safeguards. But the spirit of tolerance of the period, though sporadic and timorous, found ready followers among the more adventurous inhabitants of the *Judengasse*. In 1782 Emperor Joseph II of Austria granted civil rights to the Jews. Although Frederick the Great was not great enough to make the same gesture of tolerance, more and

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more of his Jewish subjects were permitted to leave the Ghettos and make their way in cities previously closed to them. As a result many spirited youths soon discovered the intellectual delights of the forbidden Christian culture and were thereafter unwilling to confine their scholarly diet to the limited learning of the Talmud. Foremost among this group was Moses Mendelssohn, whose sharp mind encompassed the knowledge of the world and whose prophetic zeal broke wide open the shell of orthodoxy in which his people lived. His translation of the Old Testament into simple German taught tens of thousands of his eager readers not only the language of the land but also the glories of cultural emancipation.

The principle of equality fostered by the French Revolution and enforced by its victorious armies freed the Jews of Western Europe from the restraints of a barbaric age and enabled them for the first time in a millennium to straighten their backs and to look the world full in the face. Many of them were quick to take advantage of their new freedom. They relaxed in their observance of the ritual of their fathers, emulated their neighbors in the pursuit of worldly culture and tried their utmost to make themselves worthy of their improved status. The Heine family was in this respect a conspicuous example. Solomon Heine went to Hamburg and became a wealthy banker. His ne'er-do-well brother Samson became an officer in the citizen army of Düsseldorf. Young Heinrich, born in 1797, grew into adolescence without any special racial or religious indoctrination. He had studied in a Hebrew *Cheder* and later in a liberal Franciscan seminary and had developed a "tolerant indifference" toward both faiths. When the subjugated Germans rose up against Napoleon in a true War of Liberation the youthful Heine shared fully in the general exaltation and was among the first to answer the call for volunteers.

The century between Waterloo and the World War, during which the Jews of Germany attained their fullest development, began with a blast of reaction. Having regained the civil rights of which they had been deprived for centuries, the newly-

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emancipated Jews were eager to forget the past and to prove themselves exemplary citizens and subjects. They were hard at work reforming their religion and adjusting their lives to the amenities of Western Enlightenment. But the leaders of the Congress of Vienna, who despised the new principles of democracy, celebrated their victory over Napoleon not by confirming "the blessings of liberty" promised by the king of Prussia but by reestablishing the oppression of the *status quo ante*. For a decade the Holy Alliance was quick to suppress the slightest evidence of liberalism.

This political reaction, abetted by post-war depression, engendered an acute form of Jewbaiting. Jews were condemned as Francophiles and vilified as economic parasites. Prominent scholars vied with fanatic demagogues in the violence of their invective. Fichte, Rühs, Friess and other prominent pedagogues solemnly taught that the Jews were responsible for all of Germany's ills and urged their complete exclusion from national life. Father Jahn and his youthful *turnvereiners* revived the practice of beatings and window-smashing. As Treitschke, himself a notorious exponent of junkerdom and anti-Semitism, wrote in this connection, "The powerful excitement of the War of Liberation brought to light all the secrets of the German character; amid the general ferment all the old and profound hostility to everything Judaic once more made itself manifest." Thus for a generation after Waterloo the Ghetto was reestablished by law in some cities, in practice everywhere—and the cry of "Hep! Hep!" again resounded throughout the streets of German lands. Apostasy was once more made, in Heine's phrase, "the admission ticket to European civilization."

The older Jews, remembering their previous constraint, merely hunched their shoulders, bent their heads and waited prayerfully for the storm to subside. Their children, who like Heine had enjoyed the fruits of equality from infancy and had fought for "the blessings of liberty," reacted passionately to this gross betrayal. They became outspokenly critical of the government and dedicated themselves to the liberalization of the

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Fatherland. Subsequently a number of them were exiled and many more left voluntarily for the freer air of France and the Americas—more than 50,000 Jews had migrated from Germany to the United States by 1850. Because of the participation of such men as Börne, Heine and Marx in the campaign against autocracy, Treitschke, more rigorous in his antipathies than in his reasoning, insisted that "the new radicalism which was becoming predominant among our youth and among the middle classes without affecting the highest strata of our culture, was unGerman to the core."

Nevertheless the liberal movement grew steadily and gathered to itself the choicest minds. The revolutions of 1848 in France and Austria stimulated similar outbreaks in Germany. The rebels were poorly organized and were no match for the armed troops of the embattled rulers; yet though hundreds of liberal citizens were incarcerated and thousands had to flee the country, the agitation forced the king of Prussia to grant a constitutional form of government. One of the provisions of the new constitution abolished existing restrictions on civil and political rights based upon religious differences. And when Bismarck achieved the unification of Germany in 1871 under the ægis of Prussia, the same provision was included in the constitution of the new Reich.

After the Franco-Prussian War the united Germans displayed the excessive energy of a young and sanguine nation. With the glories of conquest fresh in their minds they could not but take an expansive view of the world. Dreams of grandeur made them envisage the erstwhile weak and divided Germany metamorphosed into the strongest of European powers. Many of them staked all they had on the continued enrichment of the country. Consequently when the world panic of 1873 broke, the Germans were among the severest sufferers. Bankrupt business men and unemployed workers were completely baffled and discouraged. As on previous distressing occasions, some of them resurrected the old, familiar scapegoat. For the past 50 years the Jews had been left pretty much alone.

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Given but half a chance a number of them had advanced to leading positions in the fields of their choice: in industry and commerce, in the professions and the arts they manifested a mastery that had brought them goods and glory. During the depression of the seventies their wealth and prominence tended to assume highly exaggerated proportions in the minds of those Germans who had not ceased to disdain the Jews as an inferior and iniquitous people. The flatteries of de Gobineau and Houston Stewart Chamberlain only strengthened their renewed determination to rid their country of its Semitic element. Among the leaders were Treitschke and Adolf Stöcker. The first in his historical writings and the second in his capacity as chaplain to the Kaiser denounced the Jews as a malignant and rapacious folk. Stöcker's slogan, "Germany awake!" and Treitschke's epigram, "The Jews are our misfortune!"—both exploited later by the Nazis—became rallying cries of the anti-Semites. In 1878 Stöcker organized the Christian Socialist Workers Party with the avowed aim of combatting the Jews. Fortunately for the latter, however, prosperity returned in the late seventies and the need for a national scapegoat was past. Stöcker's party, with its few vociferous members, continued its campaign of sound and fury year after year; but the German people were too preoccupied with their own thriving affairs to give heed to it. Indeed, with the rapid economic expansion of the Reich during the reign of Wilhelm II the Jews experienced a period of remarkable resurgence.

The crushing defeat of 1918, Foch's humiliating armistice terms, the vengeful Treaty of Versailles and the complete economic collapse that followed soon after—to enumerate these mortifications and sufferings of an inordinately proud people is to explain the success of the Nazis in post-War Germany. A martial nation cannot be expected to crash from the heights of continental dominance to the nadir of military insignificance without grievous after-effects. It was only natural for the German people to romanticize their former greatness, to

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place the blame for their discomfiture upon a conspicuous but helpless minority, to strain to the utmost to regain their previous supremacy. They began to insist that the German army was defeated not by the Allied forces but by disruption from within. To the frustrated German militarists the enemy was the socialist, the Spartacist, the pacifist; to Hitler and his followers these presumed foes of the Fatherland were all lumped in the generic term Bolshevik Jew. Disregarding the fact that it was a Jew, Walther Rathenau, who had done more than anyone else to bolster the morale of the people in 1918 and that it was the Kaiser's own generals who had accepted the terms of the armistice, these defeated and frustrated Germans insisted vociferously that their Fatherland had been sold out by socialists and that the Jews were in control of the government.

It is a matter of record, nevertheless, that the Jews were much less well off after the War than during the reign of Wilhelm II and that they had suffered from war and economic depression at least fully as much as their neighbors. Over 80,000 out of a total of about a half million Jews were on the German front during the World War. Out of that number 12,000 died in the fighting, more than a third were decorated for valor and 2,000 received commissions in an army formerly without a Jewish officer. Nor did the Jews dominate the government. From 1919 till 1933 there were only two Jewish ministers—Preuss and Rathenau—and only four of Jewish descent out of a total of 250. In the 1932 Reichstag there were only one Jew and 13 of Jewish descent out of 608 members. Out of about 500 high officials in the Ministries only 15 had Jewish blood. In 1925 only .16 per cent of all government officials were Jews—not 50 per cent as stated by Ambassador Hans Luther in the *New York Times* in 1933. An even better index to the inferior position of the Jews during the post-War period is the drop in the number of Jewish students (from 9.6 per cent in 1886 to 4.7 per cent in 1932) in attendance at institutions of higher learning.

Nevertheless the Nazis persisted in their accusations and

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calumnies. Skilled in the uses of propaganda and mass psychology, and ever alert for the chance to capitalize on the sufferings and dissatisfactions of various factions, they concentrated their attacks upon the common victim. "We are Jew-haters" Goebbels insisted "because we admit we are Germans. *Who thinks German must despise the Jews.* The one implies the other." And Hitler announced: "The Jew is the implacable deadly enemy of all light, the hater of all true civilization." The Nazi slogans "Germany awake—perish the Jew!" "When Jewish blood drips from the knife, then all will be well!" were dinned into the confused German people with demagogic persistence. With the help of discredited anthropologists the Nazis evolved a racial policy of "blood and soil" which gave the "Aryan" German first place among modern peoples and the Jews last place. As Hitler explained: "The word 'Aryan' stands for work, nobility and unselfishness, while the name Jew means lack of self-sacrifice." When, with the deepening of the economic crisis and the consequent growth of the Nazi party, Hitler was appointed Chancellor in January 1933 one of his first acts was to deprive the Jews of all the rights and privileges which they had achieved with such difficulty during the previous century and a half.

The anti-Semitism of the Nazis is a crude amalgam of all the earlier German forms of Jewbaiting. It is an accentuated psychosis born of keen discontent and pent-up resentments, and directed against a defenseless minority whose role as scapegoat has become traditional. Since the Jews could no longer, as in times past, be attacked on religious grounds they were denounced for their "inferior" blood, for the defeat of the German army in 1918, for the inflation and unemployment of post-War years. The persecution of the past six years is far more devastating than the earlier intolerance of the Church because it is so completely irrational and inescapable. Formerly a Jew could always find asylum in the bosom of Christianity; at present his way out is limited to exile or suicide. Indeed, the

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Nazis have been most severe with those victims who had completely denuded themselves of their Jewishness, and have expressed their contempt for these unwanted converts in the popular doggerel "What the Jew believes is naught; In the race the filth is wrought."

It is Hitler's avowed aim to extirpate the Jews from German soil. Earlier rulers in other lands have succeeded in the task, and if Hitler's dictatorship lasts long enough he too will achieve his aim. Thousands of German Jews will die prematurely and hundreds of thousands will suffer the ordeal of exile. Paradoxically, however, persecution has in the past strengthened and will once again strengthen the will of the Jews to persist. Thousands in Germany who were born in Christian homes, who were even ignorant of their Jewish origin, have been forced by Hitler's racial laws to become Jews once more. There is every indication that the German Jews will survive in exile with the same perseverance and fortitude as their Spanish brethren after 1492.

Meantime the hatred the Nazis are breeding cannot remain controlled and isolated. Already it has spread beyond the gates of the Ghettos, beyond the borders of Germany. Sooner or later it must become the dread concern of the whole civilized world. For, in the words of Hugo Valentin:

> The terrible thing about hatred is that he who is seized with it as a rule does not wish to be rid of it. He continues to hate without regard to facts or arguments. So far as we can see, this hatred will flourish for generations and the struggle will surge backwards and forwards. In this conflict the Western democracies have their place assigned, unless they shut their eyes to the fact that anti-Semitism is a means of producing a reactionary national psychosis; the Christian churches, too, unless they deny their Master; all in fact who still regard humanity and justice as the guiding stars of mankind.

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Literary Criticism: Cudgel or Scales?

HERBERT J. MULLER

A FAMILIAR complaint about contemporary criticism is that it lacks Standards. There are, to be sure, many reviewers who practise exercises in rapture or wrath with only perfunctory efforts at systematizing their sentiments. I should say, however, that we suffer far more from a plethora of standards—and the disposition to use the capital S. The catch-as-catch-can methods of the ordinary reviewer are usually adequate for the material he deals with and the audience he addresses: the millions of readers of *Gone With the Wind* do not need a Matthew Arnold as guide and if they mistake a good story for a great novel their pleasure is harmless. But our more authoritative critics, grappling with the serious issues of modern life and letters, are seldom so haphazard or carefree. They commonly have all too rigid standards, all too tight a system. Though rumor has it that this is an age of immense complexity and profound uncertainty, one chiefly hears utter simplicities announced with the utmost positiveness.

Now this is no new or strange noise; the history of literary criticism has been an endless fanfare of self-evident (and contradictory) truths. Today, however, this absolutism is still more rampant and the contradictions are still more violent. Our multiple ways of looking at things have not so much discouraged the impulse to simple certainties as provided new avenues to them. There is indeed a wealth of valuable ideas in contemporary criticism. We see literature more clearly in its organic relation to our whole culture, we have learned much about the conditions out of which it grows—in general a solid supplement has been added to the possible adventures of little souls among masterpieces. I believe one can find more stimulating thought in this than in any other historical period. Yet

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because so much learning is available a little of it is more dangerous than ever before; and what immediately strikes the dispassionate observer, in the world of thought as in the industrial world, is the appalling waste. Our wealth is squandered in a free-for-all among men intoxicated on fragments of it. Although critics may make a perfunctory show of hospitality and judicious inquest and may now and again get excited over some rudimental synthesis—of Marx and Freud, of Babbitt and God—they tend to accept or reject *in toto*. They use their new concepts chiefly as bludgeons, rarely as sights or leads. The public forum is a slaughter-house.

Although the Marxist dispensation has recently been confused by the discovery that some of the prophets are wicked Trotskyites or at best just flabby bourgeois liberals, it is still the most conspicuous of the corners on Truth. Without Marxism, asserts Ralph Fox (and it might be Granville Hicks or any one of a hundred others), "there is no approach to that essential truth which is the chief concern of the writer." It would therefore appear that the bulk of the world's great literature is invalid or irrelevant. Then there are the many explorers of the psychic underworld who see in the body of world literature chiefly a symptom of maladjustment, a by-product of a frustrated love-life or at best a naive "compensation." Still others dwell on the "preposterous" assumption that literature is a criticism of life, a criticism which Science alone can offer. Max Eastman's *The Literary Mind* is a sample statement by one of the many who have invested their whole intellectual capital in modern science, apparently without realizing that its leaders now promise as dividends only a relative, approximate truth. Any magisterial statement of principle is likely to be dismissed as "meaningless" by the still more magisterial Bernard DeVoto. He has learned from Pareto that principles are mere masks for "residues" or sentiments—though like Pareto he does not make clear precisely what a residue is, or for that matter what positive faith it is that touches off his periodic explosions of indignation. And the spiritual children

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of Babbitt and More, who are still very much alive in the universities, are as violent in their condemnation of all this doctrine as they are vague at the crucial points of their own dispensation.

What immediately embarrasses the disinterested critic is not so much the difficulty of making himself heard as the necessity of rehearsing platitudes. He offers homilies to an audience accustomed to harangues. He must constantly announce the elementary and obvious, constantly employ such depressing locutions as "on the other hand." The truth, he must insist, is never whole or simple; and though the Absolute must enjoy being any one of His prophets, so pontifical is their manner, even the Absolute must be embarrassed by the need of being so many different things at once. As He repeats such commonplaces he is likely to feel a little silly, like one conversing with a deaf person: the repetition and the raised voice make one more conscious of the staleness of one's remarks.

Much more delicate and difficult, however, is the problem of stresses. We perforce live in a welter of half-truths and in any given period we need to emphasize what in some of these is true, what in others is left out. Marx and Freud, for example, are unquestionably among the greatest of modern thinkers. One hesitates to insist upon their limitations for fear of lending support to the many conservative critics who still belabor them as the grossest of the false gods worshipped by a heathenish generation. Yet since many more critics have made them gospel, proclaiming their partial explanations as the whole testament of truth and in the manner of ardent disciples further distorting the most distorted of their views, there is need today of just such insistence. Pareto seems to me admirable as a corrective for the extravagances of the Marxists in particular. He can teach all the prophets of salvation a great deal about the stubbornly non-logical behavior of the creature they are bent on saving. At the same time Pareto too is given to violent excess and if swallowed whole is a dangerous medicine. The critic must therefore qualify all the categorical pronouncements that

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are fashionable. In addition he must qualify his own qualifications—and look like a timid fellow dodging the responsibilities of the cause of justice and truth.

Simple thriftiness would seem to call for a moratorium on absolutes. Such a moratorium is also a matter of simple realism —especially in an age that more than any other aspires to be "realistic." The one thing that seems clear is that none of the doctrinaires—Marxist, Paretan, Freudian, Behaviorist, New Humanist or what you will—is entirely right or entirely wrong; all are at once pertinent and impertinent. "Reality" still has multiple aspects and mysterious depths; "truth" is still relative and provisional. What a man sees depends not only on the keenness of his eyesight but on where he stands and on what he looks for. And in their devotion to some one abstract principle, or in their quest of the Northwest Passage to the Essential and Ultimate, critics obscure the inexact, unverifiable, yet highly useful kind of knowledge to be got from literature. The specialists in truth are likely to overlook the simplicities and the complexities, the deep sentiments and the tangled loyalties, the interdependencies and incongruities, and all the non-rational or actually irrational behavior that the unpretentious writer takes for granted. Our critics need to check their abstractions against the concrete, first-hand impressions that are the stuff of literature.

As a setting-up exercise for the necessary effort at embracing and ordering the many valuable perspectives in contemporary thought I should recommend a study of the life and work of William James. His pragmatic philosophy was the projection of a temperament ideal for literary criticism: a rare union of tolerance and vigor, catholicity and conviction; a strong feeling for the vividness, variety and abundance of experience and for the meagerness and artificiality of all the schematisms that supposedly encompass it. Influential as have been some of the specific ideas of James as psychologist and as philosopher, more important is the attitude that framed and gave force to them all. His genius lay in his grasp of the practical bearings of a

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doctrine, its "cash-value" in terms of experience; his sanity lay in his "philosophic flexibility and easy look at life." "A bold riot of thinking, qualified by a shrewd or inspired faculty for happy hits, and controlled by a scrupulous acceptance of experience's verdict—that is James's recipe," writes Ralph Barton Perry. "The wider the range of alternatives from which experience may choose, the richer the truth which experience will yield. For experience can only answer questions, and the more varied and intelligent the questions the more illuminating will be the answers."

The literary critic today could have no better recipe. This is plainly a period of wholesale revaluation and reorientation. In such processes literature plays a significant part. It is not only a sensitive barometer of the climate of opinion, in wide swings recording slight fluctuations in interest and mood. It is an active influence. It helps to form the temper and distemper it reflects. It shapes attitudes and objectives, inculcates values and ideals. And the serious harm done by formulists and doctrinaires, whether radical or reactionary, is that they make for less efficiency in dealing with a shifting, complex, recalcitrant world —a world notoriously indifferent to man's desire for security and order. They confuse and oversimplify issues already difficult to face steadily and whole. They make for an arbitrary fixation of attitude before possibilities have been explored or even recognized. They make for crude, automatic responses to verbal symbols (fascism, communism) when a sensitive, flexible adaptation to objective facts is most needful.

Truth comes out of error more easily than out of confusion, Bacon once said. When so many incontrovertible "truths" are meeting in head-on collision, or worse yet never crossing paths at all, there would appear to be some error; but the chief impression is of vast confusion. The immediate sign is as usual the clashing of mere names. Despite their scientific or sophisticated air, critics are forcing all experience into fixed verbal categories, manipulating verbal symbols instead of engaging in direct thinking, annihilating the opposition with epithets—

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"reactionary," "escapist," "materialist," "bourgeois." With mighty swipes they split one another in twain (though like the embattled archangels in *Paradise Lost* they promptly grow together again). But behind all this logomachy is the same wishful attitude that inspired the religions and philosophies of the past. Though men are today very conscious of "rationalization," very insistent upon the need to "face the facts," they have the same hankering as their pious ancestors for a cozy universe, a closed system of certainties erected upon a single principle. Even the semantic reformers, who are trying to introduce a behavioristic attitude towards verbal symbols, usually bog down in impossible simplicities. Stuart Chase, for example, talks as though there could be a perfect language in which every word would have its "referent" and "operation," with now and then a metaphor admitted for old time's sake but always on sufferance.

To think is necessarily to simplify and abstract. Only so can man impose order on his world and derive meaning from experience. But all abstractions are metaphors—crude approximations—and the thinker must not mistake them for literal truth. Since to think is also to pursue certain objectives, inevitably shaped by the society in which we live, complete objectivity is impossible in any matters of vital interest. The thinker should nevertheless strive to view his age and its purposes in perspective. He should regard his concepts as practical ways of dealing with reality rather than as transcripts of reality; and he should perceive that even under very different concepts effective dealings are possible—for countless centuries the human race has somehow contrived to live on very unscientific ideas and even on palpable absurdities. He should recognize that all theories are disputable and are adhered to for purposes of dispute; that no system of thought, given an elementary knowledge of human experience and an elementary degree of logic, is utterly opposed to all other systems. He should look for the ingredients of truth (or, better said, the measure of usefulness) in all systems; for all correspond in

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some way to human needs and purposes and none corresponds perfectly to that inhuman abstraction known as Reality. In the face of the multiple facts of experience, of the history of human thought, any pretension to finality is preposterous arrogance.

The literary critic, therefore, should not think he has really explained and evaluated writers when he has identified them as "proletarian" or "bourgeois," spotted a "fixation" or a "defense mechanism," noted a family likeness to "naturalism" or "romanticism" or isolated any one condition of their work. He should discount all the current schemes of interpretation that reduce the rich experience of literature to a particular scale of meanings and that scrap such values and purposes as do not fit neatly into a frame of reference. He should recognize that values are relative and variable, existing only in relation to a cultural context. Even the qualities of a particular work must be evaluated in the setting of the work as a whole. And a catholic view of modern literature is the more necessary because of its extraordinary diversity. Proust, Dos Passos, Lawrence, Eliot, Hemingway, Gide, Dreiser, Conrad, Frost, Joyce, Mann—the values in this heterogeneous work are as plain as the limitations. The same holds true of the past, of the literature that embraced Shakespeare and Racine, Pope and Whitman, Fielding and Dostoievski. Not even the myriad-minded Shakespeare embraced the whole of life.

Inevitably the critic has preferences and in any event must form judgments. Inevitably, too, these judgments will be conditioned by the *Zeitgeist* as well as by his temperament. The "eternal beauty" or "universal truth" attributed to certain works turns out to be curiously mutable, for it will be defined differently by different generations. But this inescapable relativity does not make value illusory or judgment futile. Every age lives for itself and need not worry too much about the opinions of posterity or the implied verdict of the past; at the same time each can draw upon its heritage for the simple reason that the similarities among men are more profound than their dissimilarities. Above all, some judgments are plainly

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better than others. And those are likely to be best which embrace the widest range of knowledge and experience, permit the freest play to possibilities of value, keep the farthest distance from the realm of the One and Only.

One may call this attitude pragmatism or pluralism. One may call it, as James also did, humanism. Or one may use Kenneth Burke's term for it—the "comic frame" or "comic self-consciousness." Perhaps it would be better to leave it unchristened or to give it some disagreeable name unlikely to induce the pleasurable emotion commonly mistaken for the contemplation of truth. It is a state of mind rather than a formal philosophy. At the same time this attitude does not imply an aimless or irresponsible eclecticism. The critic must seek to harmonize and integrate, he must have a direction, he must *use* his principles. For this purpose he has arbitrarily to simplify, make assumptions and erect a frame of reference. Like Kenneth Burke he may adopt the Marxist philosophy—just because it is a social philosophy and in a period of disintegration aims at a comprehensive synthesis. But he should not accept its explanations as complete or its purposes as foreordained. In order that he may modify or enlarge the scheme of his thought to accommodate new knowledge and new conditions, he should always be aware that he *is* simplifying and that his assumptions and choices ultimately *are* arbitrary. In general, he should regard his scheme of thought as a vehicle rather than a destination—in the words of James as "a truth of orientation, serving not to define an end, but to determine a direction."

This attitude does not imply a timid or genteel incapacity for conviction although it will often give that impression. Under its leash one can scarcely indulge in the slashing, downright style of the critic who has got hold of the whole truth, or in ringing terms call upon men to forbear the luxury of ringing terms. But if it is easy to suspend judgment it is even easier to plump for a Cause, join a parade, climb on a bandwagon. Few of all our clamorous partisans have thoroughly

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earned their unqualified convictions; many are tender minds in need of the hard shell of absolute certainty. A thoroughgoing pragmatism or humanism is an arduous discipline. It demands both humility and toughness of spirit: a willingness to question one's own gods, to live with doubt rather than blessed certainties —to live in a wild rather than a tidy world. José Ortega y Gasset wrote:

> The man with the clear head is the man who . . . looks life in the face, realizes that everything in it is problematic, and feels himself lost. . . . Instinctively, as do the shipwrecked, he will look round for something to which to cling, and that tragic, ruthless glance, absolutely sincere, because it is a question of his salvation, will cause him to bring order into the chaos of his life. These are the only genuine ideas; the ideas of the shipwrecked. All the rest is rhetoric, posturing, farce.

Of the many shipwrecked today few have shown themselves capable of this clearsightedness. Most have huddled together under some new flag, have boarded some new vessel bound for Utopia or else have taken to the easy refuge of cynical negation. Some, however, have been equal to the challenge and these give substance and vitality to the attitude I have attempted to define. The crowning example is Thomas Mann. Of all living writers he has achieved, after a drastic overhauling of the symbols of his deepest experience, the broadest and most harmonious synthesis. No other has so thoroughly integrated his thought and no other has so arduously, painfully earned it. He has made the Marxists themselves seem indolent, the "lost generation" seem carefree.

From Mann, too, the critic may learn the last and most difficult lesson: his need to rediscount his own discounts. The critic has already, let us say, welcomed the specific valuable insights of the various formulists. He has a further obligation: to recognize the value of *one*, no matter which, consistent way of looking at things. Even granted the perspective is narrow and distorted, he who embraces many perspectives cannot throw so intense a light, cannot give such prominence to certain important ideas. He has finally to recognize not only the normality,

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but often the practical necessity, of the very rigors and distortions he is striving to soften and correct. Tolerance and moderation, the humanistic attitude, are not under all conditions the ultimate wisdom. Even aside from actual crises, the intellectual framework of the most gracious culture is angular and only up to a certain point flexible; it over-emphasizes some attitudes, has no room for others. In the crazy design of society today these over-emphases are especially numerous and conspicuous. Inevitably they call out their opposites—the extreme statement of attitudes they slight or exclude; and the extreme statement may prove the most efficient means to adjustment. Effective leaders of thought, like Marx, cannot always afford to look conscientiously at both sides of every question or to state their principles with all the qualifications that fastidious reasonableness demands. If temperate and balanced men finally mediate they follow in the wake of extremists who do all the dirty work.

A world in which all critics were as Olympian as I recommend is indeed unthinkable this side of Utopia. It might also be as unexciting as most Utopias. Meanwhile, however, we can be confident that for some time we shall have plenty of zealots on our hands. The immediate need is for efforts to reconcile and synthesize; the immediate danger is the boom in certainties and absolutes. Even though this attitude falls short of the passion that, even more than serenity, makes man godlike and leads to glorious achievement, at least it is not incompatible with a deep reverence for the human spirit or with deep convictions about its ideal destiny. Both as private citizen and as thinker William James lived a vivid, robust and abundant life that was itself a hearty affirmation; today no man is more profoundly concerned with human values than Thomas Mann. The leaders and the singers of causes in a world of strife need simple, passionate certitudes; but critics and judges can do with less blood-stirring fare. As Kenneth Burke writes, "Whatever poetry may be, criticism had best be comic."

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The Monopoly Committee

A Study in Frustration

DWIGHT MACDONALD

ON APRIL 29, 1938 President Roosevelt transmitted to Congress a special message calling for "a thorough study of the concentration of economic power in American industry and the effect of that concentration upon the decline in competition." Referring to "unhappy events abroad" the President warned Congress that democracy was not safe if "the people tolerate the growth of private power to the point where it becomes stronger than their democratic state itself. . . . Among us today, a concentration of private power without equal in history is growing." The President also made it clear, however, that his proposal "is not intended as the beginning of any ill-considered 'trust-busting' activity." Indeed, he insisted that his main concern was "to preserve private enterprise for profit." It was, in short, a monopoly message in the American tradition, and was summed up forty years ago by Mr. Dooley's comment on a similar message to Congress by the first Roosevelt: "The trusts, says he, are heejous monsthers built up be th' enlightened intherprise iv th' men that have done so much to advance progress in our beloved country, he says. On wan hand I wud stamp thim undher fut; on th' other hand not so fast."

A great uproar began in the press; Chambers of Commerce shuddered in public; Wall Street hummed with rumors and apprehensions. The celebrated "Sixty Families" orations of Ickes and Jackson, which were known to have had White House approval, were still fresh in everyone's memory. Not only did Congress appropriate the sizable sum of $500,000 for the investigation's first year but it also gave the complete control

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of $400,000 to the President. Not since the Pujo "Money Trust" hearings in 1912 had a big-scale, full-dress investigation of monopoly and high finance been launched. The scope of the Temporary National Economic Committee, better known as the Monopoly Committee, took in practically every aspect of our economic life, from technological unemployment to branch banking. Its composition was dominantly liberal: one New Dealer and two conservatives from the House; one conservative and two old-style liberals from the Senate; and six representatives from governmental agencies, including such leftists as Thurman Arnold (Justice), William O. Douglas and his alternate, Jerome Frank (Securities and Exchange Commission), Isidor Lubin (Labor) and the late Herman Oliphant (Treasury). The Committee's executive secretary was Leon Henderson, recently elected to the S.E.C. and one of the leading left-wing brain-trusters. Experts were engaged for special work. Small wonder big business trembled in its lair.

But as the Monopoly Committee somewhat creakingly got under weigh Wall Street began to take heart. This investigation was certainly not starting out in the Pujo or Nye or Pecora manner. The President controlled the purse strings, and yet the two blackest reactionaries on the Committee actually owed their places to New Deal intervention. Senator Ashurst, a staunch New Dealer, had been offered a place. He declined and suggested a substitute, a most unusual action. His nominee, who was elected at once, was Senator King of Utah, an elderly pillar of the Mormon Church and a bitter enemy of the New Deal. Congressman Sumners of Texas, who as chairman of the House Judiciary Committee had consistently sabotaged New Deal legislation, was put on the Monopoly Committee after a phone call direct from Hyde Park.

All through the summer various members of the Committee reiterated at business men's gatherings and in the press that "witch-burning" was the furthest thing from their intentions. A number of them held a series of informal conferences, through the convenient medium of the Department of Com-

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merce's Business Advisory Council, with the very bankers and industrialists they were about to investigate. "This is *not* a punitive expedition" Senator O'Mahoney of Wyoming, who had been elected chairman of the Committee, kept repeating at frequent intervals. By the end of August, business began to believe him. Such groups as the American Bar Association, the United States Chamber of Commerce and the National Association of Manufacturers offered their "cooperation" to the Committee. There were still those, in both the right and the left wing camps, who maintained that all these professions of friendliness by the Committee were a *ruse de guerre*, that once the Trojan Horse was safely inside the citadel of monopoly from its belly would come pouring forth a swarm of trust-busters thirsting for Wall Street blood. But by now the Wooden Horse is safely inside the Walls of Troy and from it have issued not Greeks but—more Trojans. Even General Johnson, one of the most clamorous Cassandras of the right, recently had to admit he had entertained unjust suspicions of the Committee and that it was really "cooperating" with business in splendid fashion. As Chairman O'Mahoney put it, in defining his attitude toward the business leaders who testify before him: "We of the Committee might just as well be sitting on the other side of the table. Our interests are really the same."

It is not my intention to trace in detail the course of the Committee's hearings to date or to try to evaluate its findings. What it has uncovered so far hardly justifies any extended treatment, nor do I think it likely its future hearings will be much more fruitful. But the nature of the hearings themselves and of the Committee, especially as compared with similar undertakings in the past, can tell us a good deal about the direction in which our social and economic system is heading.

After seven months of preparations and false alarms the Committee opened its hearings with a series of lectures by economists armed with charts and pointers. These were, in the phrase of its chairman, "dull but important." The general picture painted of our economic situation was a somber one. It was

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brought out that the total loss in national income since 1929 was $293,000,000,000 or about seven times the present national debt; that over half our *families* have incomes of less than $1200 a year; that even if production climbed back to 1929 levels there would still be 7,000,000 unemployed etc. etc. "If we go on as we are," grimly summarized Secretary Henderson, "we are in for stagnation and decline. One of the interesting observations of recent years is the inability of the system to maintain itself at any level it has attained. We do not stop. We either go forward or back."

After this general survey, in which the Committee dared to be soberly realistic, it got down to cases. In dealing with specific companies and industries its tone has been quite different. The general nature of its hearings is suggested by a wisecrack, current in Washington, to the effect that if Congress won't appropriate more funds the Committee might raise them itself by charging so much an hour for the use of its witness stand. The trade magazine, *Steel*, commenting on "last week's love feast of automobile executives with the Monopoly Committee," reported that when Edsel Ford showed annoyance at the barrage of photographers' flashbulbs one of the Senators reminded him, "This helps to sell automobiles as well as politicians, you know." A Mr. Farnsworth, who is promoting a television company, told the Committee in some detail how he had discovered the basic principles of television at the age of fourteen. A Mr. Baekeland was induced to admit, also in detail, that his plastic, Bakelite, could be used with advantage on many airplane parts now made of inferior materials. Dr. Coolidge, director of General Electric's research laboratories, proclaimed the virtues of his firm's "Invisible Glass" (with samples for the Committee members). Dr. Sturges accounted for the high prices of bonded whiskies with the interesting theory that "to allow the price of whisky to go down too cheaply might result in an unfortunate amount of consumption." (Dr. Sturges, whose father and grandfather were Vermont clergymen, is executive director of the Distilled Spirits Institute.) By February the Monopoly

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Committee had actually become a sympathetic court of appeal for business men from harsh decisions of other governmental bodies. Leon Henderson received a letter from the counsel for a group of Eastern steel manufacturers who were trying to get out of raising wages in accordance with a recent Walsh-Healey Act decision. The Committee was petitioned to intervene on the rather original grounds that to pay higher wages would put them out of business and contribute to monopoly's growth.

The Committee declined to help the steel manufacturers. But two months later the *New York Times* ran a front-page story with the headline: "Senate Committee Invites Business to Tell Grievances." The hearings held to date, it seems, were considered by the Committee to be stern, inquisitorial onslaughts on business. Now, the chairman announced, business was to have its turn "to present its own story of the nation's economic problems." The Committee's witness stand is to be turned over to any business group which requests it. There is no restriction on the testimony that may be presented. It can include even "criticism of existing governmental policies." The first two industries that asked for the stand were oil and milk, both of which, as it chances, have recently been prosecuted by the government on anti-trust charges.

I would not give the impression that the Committee has remained entirely on the surface. The insurance hearings drew a little blood, though they were suspended before anything important had been uncovered. There were also the hearings on the glass monopoly, the one job of old-fashioned muck-raking (aside from certain material which the Federal Trade Commission has unearthed from its files and presented for the record) which the Committee has ventured so far. But the glass hearings only illuminate by contrast the innocuous character of the other hearings. It seems that the Hartford-Empire Company of Hartford, Connecticut, a corporation no one ever heard of before, owns the patents on the machinery which last year made two-thirds of the nation's glass containers, including practically all our milk bottles. Hartford-Empire makes neither

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bottles nor machinery. It simply owns the patents on the machines, which it commissions another company to make and which it rents out to bottle-makers at fees high enough to return it a profit of 68 per cent in 1937. According to a memorandum taken from the company's files it has "three main purposes in securing patents," namely: (1) to prevent duplication of its machines by other companies; (2) to block the invention of other machines; (3) to get patents on all possible improvements of competing machines in order to prevent their reaching a stage of perfection. Copious evidence was introduced showing that this memorandum has been fully implemented in practice by the company. The Committee could not but be a little disturbed by the parasitic monster it had dredged up from the sunless depths of monopoly. "In some cases," admitted Chairman O'Mahoney cautiously, "the evidence seems to indicate that the original intention of the patent grant as stated in the Constitution to promote the progress of science and the useful arts has been obscured."

A few weeks ago Congress voted the Monopoly Committee the $600,000 appropriation it asked for its second year's work. Considering that this is the Congress which has voted billions for battleships and warplanes and has refused to vote even the inadequate $150,000,000 more asked by the White House for W.P.A., which has shown no signs of extending the life of the LaFollette Civil Liberties investigation on the one hand and has voted generous funds to the Dies Committee on the other—considering the reactionary temper of this Congress, its willingness to vote more funds may be taken as *prima facie* evidence that it considers the Monopoly Committee "safe." This, I think, is an accurate judgment. The record of the Committee's first year is meager indeed, even judged by the modest standards of past governmental investigations.

In their governmental processes the two great English-speaking democracies have for many generations relied heavily on the magic power of public hearings and investigations. The "Blue Books" of England are famous—those tall, imposing

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volumes of records and testimony which provided Marx and Engels with much of the data they marshalled against 19th century capitalism. Over here the Congressional Committee replaces the Royal Commission and more modest little dun-colored volumes substitute for the Blue Books. But the general theory is the same: the injustices and contradictions of capitalism can be adjusted to everyone's satisfaction if only men of good will will talk things out in public. The odd thing is that sometimes, to some extent, this theory works. There are two ways in which such investigations can be effective. Either they may lead to legislation correcting specific abuses, or they may build up a record which will be useful to future social historians and reformers. The best example of the first is the investigation which Charles Evans Hughes in 1905 conducted into life insurance practices for the Armstrong Committee of the New York State Legislature. This led to the resignation or removal of all the presidents and most of the other major executives of the three biggest companies, and to a revised code of laws which outlawed most of the more scandalous practices. The investigation of the "Money Trust" by the Pujo Committee of Congress in 1912 may stand as a good example of the second type. The Pujo record is the most complete picture we have ever had of the workings of finance capital in this country.

Successful investigations like these vary in details but they are alike in one respect—they have all been "witch-burning expeditions." They have been conducted in an unfriendly and aggressive manner, usually by a special counsel who relentlessly pursues the witnesses as though they were defendants in a court of law. Such was Hughes, whose flaming red whiskers and "incisive, cold, tenacious, unhurried" manner struck terror into the most arrogant insurance moguls. Such was Samuel Untermeyer, counsel to the Pujo Committee. The conservative press objected to his "old Bailey manner" and deplored "a certain lack of breeding" in the way he went after Morgan and Baker and other sensitive bankers. But breeding and effectiveness don't go together in such undertakings.

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The Monopoly Committee has no Hughes, no Untermeyer, no Pecora, no LaFollette. It is blood brother to such ineffective and long-forgotten bodies as the Newlands Committee which in 1912 undertook "to investigate and report certain desirable changes in the laws regulating and controlling corporations, persons and firms engaged in interstate commerce"—a task it fulfilled with the most perfect breeding—and impotence; or better yet, blood brother to the Industrial Commission which looked into monopoly between 1898 and 1900, simultaneously with the formation of most of our biggest and best monopolies. This Commission was also composed of Congressmen and governmental experts, among the latter such men as John R. Commons and W. Z. Ripley, the Hendersons and Franks of their day. "The Commission is unique," wrote a contemporary observer, "so far as our own country is concerned, in the extent to which it called in the assistance of university men and trained investigators." So, too, the Washington correspondent of the *New Republic* recently noted of the Monopoly Committee: "Observers here think that perhaps never before has so able a group of experts been recruited in the service of the government." But the Industrial Commission, and again the parallel holds, was "cooperative" as well as learned. Contemporary accounts mention "the obvious respect and deference" with which its members treated the great trust lords who testified before it. And so, for all the expert brains it commanded, for all the 19 bulky volumes of its testimony and special studies, the Commission emerged from its two-year study of monopoly with remarkably little of value. Its final report, timid and vague, was shelved by Congress. And now, 40 years later, a similar mountain is laboring and it looks very much as though another mouse will be brought forth.

The Monopoly Committee is a house divided, and subdivided. Its frustration and impotence are caused by a severe case of schizophrenia. There is, to begin with, the usual liberal-conservative schism. This is not very important, however, since only three of the twelve members can be classified as real conserva-

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tives (Senator King and Representatives Sumners and Reece) and since the liberals maintain their usual advantage as to ability and articulateness over the die-hards. The really serious, and perhaps fatal, rifts are within the liberal majority.

The Federal Trade Commission, which has a seat on the Committee, stands uncompromisingly for the classic anti-monopoly doctrine: enforce the anti-trust laws and restore free competition. It dug up the dirt on the glass monopoly. It presented a heavily-documented report—based on two decades of painful experience—on the monopolistic nature of the steel industry's pricing system.[1] This irreconcilable attitude finds practically no support among the other liberals. It conflicts also with the current "business appeasement" program of the Administration. But since the F.T.C. has had 25 years' experience in dealing with big and little business the Committee is dependent on the F.T.C. for much of its raw material. Its files are bursting with data and its members are much more experienced in the ways of business than their liberal colleagues on the Monopoly Committee, most of whose experience dates only from the beginning of the New Deal. The F.T.C. is in a most strategic position.

The rest of the liberal majority are all in favor of regulation rather than trust-busting, socially-controlled monopoly rather than the forcible restoration of competition. But there are serious schisms here too. Senators Borah and O'Mahoney are the moderates. Last year they sponsored in Congress a bill providing that all corporations engaged in interstate commerce and having over $50,000,000 in assets must obtain Federal charters. One of the Monopoly Committee's functions is a consideration

[1] This was all the more unwelcome to the Committee because last summer, after several friendly conferences with certain Committee members (*not* including anyone from the F.T.C.) the dashing and diplomatic young E. R. Stettinius, Jr., chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, announced a series of price cuts and readjustments. This was hailed at the time as doing away with the monopolistic basing-point price system. It was a notable example of "cooperation" between big business and the Committee. But the F.T.C. at the hearings denied any real change had been made and tactlessly described the steel industry as "a focal center of monopolistic infection which, if not eradicated, may well cause the death of free capitalistic industry in the United States."

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of the desirability of such legislation. Just what this Federal licensing bill might include in its scope is not yet clear, but it is obviously a limited, modest proposal if compared with the vast schemes of the New Dealers on the Committee. "I do not believe in centralized planning" O'Mahoney has stated. And Borah, a fire-eating anti-monopolist of the old school, recently observed, apropos the oil magnates who were convicted in the Madison, Wisconsin anti-trust case, "A fine doesn't do any good. We ought to stick them in jail." Borah, always unpredictable, is as likely to support the Federal Trade Commission as to string along with his own Federal licensing plan. It might be noted, by the way, as an example of the choppy cross-currents that swirl around the Monopoly Committee, that the F.T.C. is also supported inside the Committee by the reactionary Senator King, who loves not trust-busting more but governmental regulation less, and outside the Committee by the Cohen-Corcoran-Coyle extreme left-wing group of New Dealers, who view with alarm the "appeasement" movement in the Administration.

The New Dealers on the Committee are all working toward some sort of system under which industry could "organize" itself for efficient production, subject to social control by committees representing business, labor, the consumer and the Government. Already Thurman Arnold and his chief, Attorney-General Murphy, are reported to have worked out some such method, shortly to be tried out in practice, of enforcing the anti-trust laws. Even among the New Dealers there is a left and a right wing group. The latter, represented by Richard Patterson of the Commerce Department (backed by the conservative Representative Sumners), looks toward some sort of "business self-government" plan such as that put into effect by Donald Richberg when he was head of the N.R.A. The left-wingers—Messrs. Henderson, Lubin, Arnold, Frank, Douglas —want much stronger Government control and resent any talk of another N.R.A. experience.

There is nothing new in the enforced-competition vs. regu-

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lated-monopoly discussion. The novelty in the present hearings is that the left wing has come out for the second alternative. The question was canvassed in many Congressional hearings prior to the World War and it was usually the monopolists and their Republican political allies who chose regulation whereas the liberals stood fast for trust-busting—a historical fact which undoubtedly gives the F.T.C. much comfort today. "I think the American Congress," John W. Gates, the celebrated trust-maker, told the Industrial Commission, "had better encourage and foster what some of the gentlemen in the room would be pleased to term trusts or monopolies, but which I call consolidations. . . . I would be very much in favor of having national charters granted. . . . If necessary, I would have a manufacturing commission the same as the Interstate Commerce Commission." During the Stanley Committee hearings on the Steel Trust in 1911 Judge Gary, Andrew Carnegie, George W. Perkins (the Morgan partner who specialized in trust-forming) and other such gentlemen all frankly admitted the demise of free competition and suggested some sort of legalized, regulated monopoly. The Stanley Committee's Democratic majority, unimpressed, in its report recommended stricter enforcement of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. But the Republic minority report proposed regulation by "an Interstate Commerce Commission of Industry" which would fix prices in all monopolistic industries. ("Competition!" exclaimed the Republicans, "What brutalities have been committed in thy name!") The Democrats objected to this plan as "semi-socialistic in its nature." This brought forth the rejoinder "To him who calls our plan semi-socialistic, we might retort by comparing the policy of dissolution to an attempt at turning backward Old Time in his flight. . . . It may be that civilization is in a cycle of evolution during which socialism's dismal creed must have a trial."

The Monopoly Committee can be understood only if it is viewed as the latest in a long series of legal-governmental engagements between the two major sections of the American ruling class—the big bourgeoisie of monopolistic industry and

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finance capital as over against the small bourgeoisie of independent, local business men and small investors. The popular assumption about such investigations as this is that they are concerned with "the Public Interest" and that they are seeking solutions which will benefit "society" in general. This assumption, which is undoubtedly sincerely held by most of the members of the present Committee, seems to me to be a delusion. Although four social groups are affected by the activities of monopoly capital—consumers, employees, investors and competing "independents"—and although the first two of these groups are numerically and socially much the more important, the steam behind all governmental efforts to regulate, investigate or destroy the trusts has always come almost entirely from the numerically insignificant last group: the independent business men injured by monopoly competition. They it was who raised the first effective outcry about "trusts" in the 70's, demanding railroad regulation so that they could compete on equal terms with their big city rivals. It was Rockefeller's ruined competitors, and not his underpaid workers or the consumers who had to pay higher prices, who kept the fight against the oil monopoly going for 40 years. In a society where political power rests on economic power this is naturally the case. Inquiries like the present one pay little attention to consumers and workers, whose interests are not implemented by sufficient economic power to achieve political reality. The real struggle is always between the two sections of the bourgeoisie.

The Federal Trade Commission and the New Dealers on the Monopoly Committee alike speak for the small bourgeoisie. If their "lines" conflict head-on it is the clash of a new orientation with one that is outworn. The F.T.C. is fighting, doggedly but with little imagination, a rear-guard action. Its fight against monopoly was lost when America emerged from the World War the most powerful monopoly-capitalist state in the world. The New Dealers, more brilliant and sophisticated, are aware of the nature of the post-War changes in American capitalism and of its ever-increasing drive toward monopoly and financial con-

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centration. They understand it is futile to oppose this tide with the antiquated weapons of "trust-busting"—weapons which even before the War were pitiably ineffective. Therefore, they say, let us recognize that our economic system is incurably monopolistic and try to control monopolies through the State.

It is curious that in this country the strategy of big business has always taken for granted the Marxist axiom that the State is the instrument of the ruling class; whereas liberals and reformers have consistently rejected the Marxist view and have acted as though the State were an independent entity floating, sword and scales of justice in hand, in the serene ether far above the struggles of contending classes. (I might also add that business men have generally proved to be correct in their quite unconsciously Marxist analysis.) It is not hard to see why industrialists like Gary and Gates were so amenable to the idea of Government regulation. Gary, for example, told the Stanley Committee a sad tale of how he was unable to "stabilize" steel prices in the 1907 panic because he wasn't sure how far he could legally go. What he was obviously yearning for was the N.R.A., which, three decades later, was to interpose the shield of the Law to save the steel price structure from destruction. And from his testimony it was clear that Gary expected no trouble in dominating the agencies that might be set up to "regulate" his business—nor would he have been disappointed had he lived to see the Blue Eagle in action. "We're all socialists now" said Gary, but it was not clear what he meant until after the War, when he added another celebrated remark "We'd be better off for a man like Mussolini over here too."

Sincere anti-fascists though they are, the program of the New Dealers on the Monopoly Committee reflects the slow swing of the forces of the small bourgeoisie behind the drive of big business to power. Messrs. Frank and Henderson and Arnold expect, of course, to be able to tame the threat of monopoly capitalism within the bounds of the democratic state. But, as the Federal Trade Commission has not failed to point out during the hearings, "The abandonment of free capitalism here

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as in other nations will require the abandonment of democracy. . . . Monopoly constitutes the death of capitalism and the genesis of authoritarian government."

The fact is that the small bourgeoisie, and its Monopoly Committee, face Hobson's choice. They can either struggle on against monopoly capitalism—and ultimate fascism—with the obsolete weapons offered by the Federal Trade Commission; or they can follow along after the President and his brain-trusters, whose program of regulation and "appeasement" has a dangerous tendency to make smooth the path of monopoly capitalism to State power, i.e., fascism. There is, of course, another alternative—socialism—but the Monopoly Committee could hardly be expected to take that into account.

Behind this Hobsonian perspective stands the great grim fact that democratic capitalism is drawing near its historic end in this country. The schisms within the Monopoly Committee simply reflect the agonized indecision of the middle class faced by the disintegration of the capitalist order. As tribunes of the middle class the monopoly investigators find themselves paralyzed by doubts. In the old days, when the basic stability of American capitalism was not called into question, these tribunes whole-heartedly attacked the enemy—big business. Certain minor concessions were demanded, and often as not won. But by now it is clear that minor reforms will not be enough; that the capitalist system as a whole is insecure. A slashing onslaught in the trust-busting style might be more than the rickety old structure could stand, and therefore the Monopoly Committee is sympathetic rather than indignant. When capitalism is really sick the small bourgeoisie remember their basic class solidarity with the big bourgeoisie—which means that they follow the latter's lead just as the Committee is now doing. If the Monopoly Committee has not yet gone very far beneath the surface and shows no signs of wanting to do so, it is not for lack of brains or money. It is simply that it doesn't dare to. The muffled, diplomatic tone of its hearings is the hush that men impose on themselves in a sickroom—or around a deathbed.

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The Negro Scientist

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS

I WAS on a dining car in Ohio last November when a little brown boy and his mother stopped at my table. She said he wanted to meet a man who had known his grandfather. I soon learned who the boy was. He had passed an intelligence test in Cincinnati lately and scored an I. Q. of 170, one of the highest in the city. I also remembered his grandfather. A—— always represented to me a tragedy in science. He was thin, brown, had close-curled hair, was ill-dressed and excessively shy. This man, a born student, was graduated from the University of Z—— in 1891 and became assistant in the department of biology. There he began his study of insects. His chief was called to the new University of Chicago when it was organized in 1892 and invited A—— to be his assistant. But unfortunately the chief soon died and no one at Z—— or Chicago desired a colored assistant.

A—— became a teacher in a small colored Methodist school in South Atlanta which had at the time about a dozen college students, no laboratories and few books. He received inadequate pay and a heavy teaching load. Nevertheless he stuck to his work. Between 1908 and 1933 he published nine interesting studies of insect behavior in *Psyche*, the *Biological Bulletin* and the *Journal of Animal Behavior*. He watched the dance of the mellissodes and the habits of the mud dauber, the bees and the ant lion. These brought him notice and attention among scientists in both America and Europe; but the only appointment carrying a living wage that he was able to get was in the Negro Sumner High School in St. Louis. There he stayed until he died of overwork. He was a promising scientist; with even fair opportunity he ought to have accomplished much; but his color hindered him.

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Some time ago a great American scientist noted in public print how few Negroes had made their mark in science. They were heard of in music and literature, on the stage, in painting and in some departments of public life, but not often in exact science. I called his attention to the fact that it was not easy for an American Negro to pursue science and he admitted that there might be difficulties. But I think that along with most Americans his private belief was that the exact and intensive habit of mind, the rigorous mathematical logic demanded of those who would be scientists is not natural to the Negro race.

I believe he was wrong and for that reason I am going to point to the careers of several Negroes, in addition to A——, who seem to have had the mental equipment requisite for scientific accomplishment and who have done work of a high order, but who never had the best facilities or even a good opportunity to accomplish first-rate work opened to them. To avoid unpleasant notoriety I have substituted letters for the names of persons and institutions. However, I have furnished the editors of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR with an exact list of the names of the persons and institutions to which these letters refer.[1] Judgment here is of course not infallible and it is quite possible that in some cases difficulties of temperament and personality, inability to fulfill the earlier promise of a career and a number of other things hampered these men rather than a mere matter of color prejudice. But I do not think so and to show the reasonableness of my thesis I want to set down the main facts of their careers. There are twelve Negro scholars listed in *American Men of Science*. Of these, eight were teaching in Negro colleges; three were teaching in white institutions and one was in a museum of Natural History. Two or three men, like B—— whom I mention below, were omitted although they deserve inclusion.

Dr. B—— entered medical school just as S. Weir Mitchell

[1] Editor's Note:—The list includes such educational institutions as the following: Boston University, Bowdoin, Brown University, Cincinnati University, De Pauw, Harvard, University of Chicago, Williams, Yale.

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gave the hospitals for the insane that bitter drubbing in which he accused them of simply incarcerating the insane while they did nothing to further the study of insanity. Out of this attack arose a new movement in American psychiatry. Dr. B—— was one of the earliest workers in the new field. He was graduated at the Y—— Medical School and given a place on the staff of X—— Insane Asylum in New England. There he became in succession interne, assistant pathologist, pathologist and director of psychiatry from 1891 to 1920. He began systematic and laboratory experiments, from time to time read the results of his findings before the American Medico-Psychological Society and other organizations, and was a member of the chief psychiatric societies of the United States. He was regarded as one of the leading authorities on psychiatry in the United States —evidenced by the fact that as work in psychiatry was organized in various points throughout the nation Dr. B—— was time and again asked to join the new staff being brought together. As soon, however, as it was learned by correspondence or interview that he was colored the invitations were withdrawn or the matter was allowed to drop.

Between 1909 and 1931 Dr. B—— was connected with the medical school of Y—— University and taught there for 22 years as instructor in neurology, lecturer in neuropathology, assistant professor and associate professor of neurology. During his last five years with the institution he served as the actual head of the department of neurology, a position which was vacant, but he never received the title. Finally a white assistant professor was made professor and placed at the head of the department. Dr. B—— resigned. He refused to complain. "I thoroughly dislike publicity of that sort and despise sympathy. I regard life as a battle in which we win or lose. As far as I am concerned, to be vanquished, if not ingloriously, is not so bad after all." He does, however, admit that "with the sort of work I have done, I might have gone farther and reached a higher plane, had it not been for my color."

Another case is that of C——. C—— is an instructor in the

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W—— Medical School and chief of the Wassermann Laboratory in the State Health Department. His test for syphilis is said to be better than the Wassermann test in some respects. Yet this man, who is one of the foremost authorities on syphilis in the United States, has received no promotion at W——, occupies no assured position and recently refused a distinction conferred upon him by a Negro organization for fear that emphasis upon his color would handicap him even more than it has already.

D—— is professor of zoology at a Negro University. His work in the biology of the cell surface is outstanding. He has contributed a chapter to Cowdry's *General Cytology* and to a similar German work. His own volume, *The Biology of the Cell Surface*, has just been published. For 25 years he has worked during the summers at the celebrated laboratories at V——. As the leading authority in methods there he was consulted by staff and students alike. Contrary to almost invariable precedent, however, he has never been named an instructor at V—— and has never but once received a call from a leading university. That came in his earlier career and was an offer of an assistantship. Although he was a friend of the greatest American scholar of general physiology, a man who admired him and his work, D—— was never invited to occupy a research position. Finally he ceased going to V—— because of the treatment which his wife had to endure one summer when he took her with him. D—— was once vice-president of the American Society of Zoologists but he never became president, a quite usual promotion. There seems to be no explanation for the treatment of D—— but his color. Personally both he and his wife are modest, pleasant and unassuming.

E—— was professor of chemistry at a colored university but was forced to resign for reasons which the president and many of the trustees did not regard as adequate. There was no question as to his training and his ability in chemistry. He became graduate research counselor at U——, a well-known western university. From 1934 to 1937 his course in chemistry was

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currently reported to be the most popular in the institution and despite his Negro blood he stood well with the president and the administration. But any chance for continuing his work there or for securing promotion was frustrated by the propaganda of the American Legion. He resigned and became the head of the research department of the T—— Company where he has 12 white chemists working under him. Commerce welcomed what the educational world rebuffed.

F—— is associate professor of pathology at S—— University. He was a long time in getting his promotion and according to latest information has never had any classes assigned him. Yet he is said to know his subject well.

Discrimination has also been evident in the social sciences. For years O—— University had a Negro librarian. He was a man of training and ability, was handsome and alert, held office in the state organization and stood high among librarians. But he told me he was convinced his library would not be developed and would get no adequate appropriation so long as he remained in charge. The authorities would not oust him but they would not foster the library or follow his recommendations. He believed that there he was at the end of his career and he resigned to become librarian of a colored college where he felt he was at least wanted and needed.

It has been difficult for Negroes to become fellows of the American College of Surgeons. Many years ago a Negro from Chicago was elected. Since that time there have been several others who according to general report deserved election but could not get it. H—— had done excellent work in research, had had several papers published and was head surgeon in one of the greatest hospitals of America—but it was a hospital that served a Negro neighborhood. After many rebuffs he was finally elected to the College—reputedly because he was backed by white colleagues who belonged to N——, one of the most powerful political organizations of America. Without their determined assault it is very doubtful that despite his outstanding work he would have been accepted on his merits.

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As I have said, it would not be possible for an outsider to prove that in all these instances the scientific work was flawless or that difficulties of personality did not in some cases hinder promotion. Yet certainly, taking them all together and examining the work done and the character of mind and technique, it seems fair to conclude that had these men not been of Negro descent they would have been offered a broader and better chance to carry on scientific work.

For a young man a career in science depends almost entirely upon academic appointment and promotion. Even persons of independent means need the academic atmosphere, the use of laboratories, scientific collections and other facilities and the inspiration of intercourse with scientific men. What usually happens, therefore, is that a young man of ability in any particular field is during or after his college years picked out by a department and given an appointment as laboratory assistant or instructor. After that his rise to permanent position and to an opportunity to do first-class work depends in large part upon his own capacities.

In the case of Negroes, however, these gates to selection are usually closed. One president of a leading New England College said of G—— (a cream-colored young man with curly hair) that he was the "most brilliant student of a generation." In addition he was handsome, healthy, well-bred and had pleasing manners. He was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, led his class and was valedictorian. He was never offered a position at any first-class institution. Instead he became an instructor at a Southern Negro institution but was unhappy in his work. He changed his specialty from English to anthropology and studied abroad. His work on blood groups is quoted with approval by Huxley and Haddon. He is now on a fellowship at R—— University.

White instructors throughout the country testify that they have had in their classes Negroes of unquestioned ability to pursue careers in science. One of them says:

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Nineteen of the leading professors of chemistry in the great universities of the country were questioned as to their experience with the Negro graduate student in chemistry. Their replies were highly gratifying to one interested in the advance of the Negro in higher education. . . . One biochemist of international reputation speaks of a Negro student who, to his mind, "is one of the most promising young physiological chemists in America. He has a keen, analytical mind, remarkable research technique, and in spite of the fact that he was the only Negro doing major work in our department, he was accepted as an equal by the 40 or more graduate students majoring in this division." . . . Professors W. A. Hopkins, W. A. Noyes and J. H. Reedy (by quotation) of the University of Illinois, listed nine Negro chemists (all but two of them former students at Illinois) who have done outstanding work or give great promise of productive careers in chemistry. A chairman of a great university department of chemistry, himself known internationally for his work in analytical and physical chemistry, writes of a Negro student and doctoral candidate, who, in a class of ninety in organic chemistry "easily held his own with the best white students. In all of his chemical work, he has shown the same proficiency."[2]

It is probable that similar testimony might be gathered from other areas of the scientific world. Nevertheless most institutions, even those of first rank, shrink from facing this matter of color discrimination and appointing a man of ability despite his color. For instance, one president of Q—— during his three years' incumbency simply refused to admit Negro students. A professor at AA—— objected to granting a fellowship to a colored man. The student's ability and desert were unquestioned —but "what could he find to do after he pursued such a course" and consequently "would he not become bitter like Du Bois?" Fortunately he was overruled and the fellowship was granted.

I once received from the department of economics at W—— College, one of the oldest and greatest in the land, very flattering testimony of the work in economics done by a Negro graduate student, H——, and a request to use my influence to have

[2] S. W. Geiser, Fellow of the A.A.A.S.; head of the department of biology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas, Texas; author of "Lecture Outlines in General Biology," *Opportunity*, February, 1935.

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him placed in a colored institution. The matter was brought to the attention of the president of Atlanta University and he went to W——. He was told that H—— was a student of marked ability and had done first-class work. "Indeed," said the head of the department who was talking to Mr. Hope, "if he were not a colored man we would give him an appointment here." Mr. Hope looked so white it is possible the speaker did not realize to whom he was speaking.

At certain universities there has been evidence of discrimination in granting the Ph. D. degree to Negroes. At S—— University, for example, it is said that because of the unbending prejudice of one professor the doctorate in history is almost never granted to a Negro. In a recent comprehensive examination passed by a Negro candidate, M——, the secretary of a national scientific association said to me "I am glad Professor —— was not present or he would never have passed!"

From all this it is obvious that if young colored men receive scientific training almost their only opening lies in the Negro university of the South. This in itself has much to commend it. It should mean that some of the best-trained Negroes are going to teach their own youth and give them the advantage of superior education. But the difficulty here, of course, is that very few of these institutions have the facilities for research, nor can they grant teachers the time to devote to it. The young scientist who goes to such an institution is usually given a heavy load of teaching covering several branches of scientific work. If he can find any time for research he not only has few facilities at his disposal at the institution, but he has a body of college students handicapped by restricted high school and elementary school training. Few of them have seen laboratories before coming to college or have been used to rigorous scientific methods. Their English and their mathematics have suffered from poor teachers and short school terms.

Not only does the young Negro scientist find difficulty in pursuing scientific research in a Negro institution. He lives usually in an intellectual desert so far as the surrounding world

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is concerned. State libraries will lend books to colored students but usually the reader must be segregated in separate and often inconvenient rooms. Even in the Federal State Department in Washington, K—— (the dean of a colored college who was working in the archives) was placed in a room by himself. The libraries of colleges for white students will often lend books to colored institutions. Throughout the South some social-study gatherings and some learned societies admit Negroes, but with various discriminations. In general the libraries, museums, laboratories and scientific collections in the South are either completely closed to Negro investigators or are only partially opened and on humiliating terms.

Of course those colored graduates of Northern colleges who live in the South are never affiliated with the local alumni groups. This even goes so far as to discrimination against colored members of Phi Beta Kappa. One man (L——) writes me "Some years ago I refused to make the full payment on my pledge for the construction of the new Phi Beta Kappa building at Williamsburg, Virginia, because I had heard that Negroes were not to be admitted to the exercises at the opening." (See L——.)

In the matter of scholarships and prizes difficulties are often raised in the case of colored candidates. Today it is practically impossible for a Negro in the South even to enter the Rhodes Scholarships examinations. The Institute of International Education long hesitated to send colored men abroad as exchange students but lately has been prevailed upon to change its policy. In the high schools, through vocational advice and the general direction that teachers exercise over students, Negroes are repeatedly turned from contemplated careers in science. When a boy or girl wants to specialize in physics or biology he is asked "Why do you choose this subject? What career will there be for you in it?" I have had many letters from students telling me of such advice and asking if it is true that there would be no chance for Negroes in certain lines of scientific work.

In the semi-scientific, technical field, Negroes have a fair

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representation. The National Technical Association, as their society is called, has a membership of 300, made up of 113 mechanical and electrical engineers, 38 architects, 23 chemists and 5 men engaged in physical and biological research. It is interesting to remember that Lewis H. Latimer, a colored man, was one of the original Edison Associates.

One may say in answer to all this: so what? After all there are plenty of white men who can be trained as scientists. Why crowd the field with Negroes who certainly can find other socially necessary work? But the point is that ability and genius are strangely catholic in their tastes, regard no color line or racial inheritance. They occur here, there, everywhere, without rule or reason. The nation suffers that disregards them. There is ability in the Negro race—a great deal of unusual and extraordinary ability, undiscovered, unused and unappreciated. And in no line of work is ability so much needed today as in science.

I can remember the disappointment I myself met with in pursuing a scientific career. I started to work many years ago in sociology, a science then so new that Harvard would not recognize it and gave me a Ph. D. in history instead. Nevertheless I intended to use social science for the solution of the problems of the Negro and in November 1897 I submitted to the American Academy of Political and Social Science my plan for an inquiry into that difficult area of social relationships. In 1899 I followed that up with a book, *The Philadelphia Negro*, in which I pointed out that the study of the Philadelphia Negro had been made along the lines laid down in 1897 and was "thus part of a larger design of observation and research into the history and social condition of the transplanted Africans." I went on to say:

> It is my earnest desire to pursue this particular form of study far enough to constitute a fair basis of induction as to the present condition of the American Negro. The department of history and economics of Atlanta University, where I am now situated, is pursuing certain lines of inquiry in this general direction. I hope that funds may be put at

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our disposal for this larger and more complete scheme. Finally, let me add that I trust that this study with all its errors and shortcomings will at least serve to emphasize the fact that the Negro problems are problems of human beings; that they cannot be explained away by fantastic theories, ungrounded assumptions or metaphysical subtleties. They present a field which the student must enter seriously, and cultivate carefully and honestly. And until he has prepared the ground by intelligent and discriminating research, the labors of philanthropist and statesman must continue to be, to a large extent, barren and unfruitful.

I then went to Atlanta University where for 13 years I worked at the carrying out of the plan. During those years I published 14 monographs on the Negro problem. In the monograph of 1912 I said:

There is only one sure basis of social reform and that is Truth—a careful, detailed knowledge of the essential facts of each social problem. Without this there is no logical starting place for reform and uplift. Social difficulties may be clear and we may inveigh against them, but the causes proximate and remote are seldom clear to the casual observer and usually are quite hidden from the man who suffers from, or is sensitive to, the results of the snarl. . . . The study is, therefore, a further carrying out of the plan of social study of the Negro American, by means of an annual series of decennially recurring subjects covering, so far as is practicable, every phase of human life. This plan originated at Atlanta University in 1896. The object of these studies is primarily scientific—a careful research for truth conducted as thoroughly, broadly and honestly as the material resources and mental equipment at command will allow. . . . In this work we have received unusual encouragement from the scientific world, and the published results of these studies are used in America, Europe, Asia and Africa. Very few books on the Negro problem, or any phase of it, have been published in the last decade which have not acknowledged their indebtedness to our work.

But to my great disappointment the work had to be given up. We asked only $5,000 a year for its continued pursuit and out of that was paid my salary of $1,200. The work was not of first-rate importance. It was handicapped by lack of funds, lack of trained personnel and faulty scientific method. The astonishing thing about those Atlanta University publications was

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that from 1896 to 1910 we were the only institution in the world to make a social study of the results of the contact of the white and Negro race in America; and no matter how poorly that work was done it was recognized as important and unique by leaders of thought in practically every country in the world. For a quarter-century no study of the Negro or of race conditions in the South could be published without reference to and quotation from our work. Some of the best-known students of social science of our day—Frank B. Sanborn, Booker T. Washington, Jane Addams, Walter F. Wilcox, Florence Kelley, J. H. Dillard, Franz Boas—attended our conferences and cooperated in our work. Yet we were unable to raise the $5,000 a year necessary to keep it going.

For 25 years I had to turn my attention to a career of propaganda, in an effort to convince the people of this country that Negroes ought to be given chances as men. In the last few years large sums of money have been given to Southern institutions, white and colored, and to departments of Northern institutions for pursuing under more favorable circumstances, with larger resources, with better technique and with better-trained people the same program of work we had begun in 1896. It is perhaps too much to say that our work failed solely because Negroes were doing it, but certainly America was not disposed to help until white folk took it up.

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Spanish Imperialism: A Dream Resumed

HANS KOHN

THE victory of Spanish fascist nationalism in Spain means the resumption in an active form of the dream, cherished lately by some Spanish nationalists, of reconstructing the great Spanish empire of the 16th century—the "golden century" when the Iberian peninsula, Spain and Portugal, then united under Spanish rule, dominated a vast empire in the Old and in the New World politically and culturally. The Falangists, inflamed by the new spirit of conquest—in their case, *reconquista*—preached by Mussolini and Hitler, envisage the union not only of Portugal, Gibraltar, and Morocco with Spain as a great Ibero-African dominion guarding the Atlantic Ocean as well as the western Mediterranean. Their aspirations cross the Atlantic again and cover Latin-America, where they hope that with the help of Germany, Italy and Japan their spiritual influence will pave the way to a closer union. Propagandists of General Franco are actively busy in Mexico, in Puerto Rico and in Cuba. In many places, especially in Mexico, they find the support of certain conservative circles in opposition to the tendencies of the present Government and with their help they hope to repeat the experience of Spain during the last three years. This new imperialism would be less dangerous if based only on the forces of Spain herself. But Spain is acting in close alliance with Germany, Italy and Japan as a link in their aspirations to extend the domination of the "young" fascist nations over the whole globe. The new empire of the Hispanidad proclaims itself as directed primarily against the Anglo-Saxon spirit of liberalism, Protestantism and commercialism. The roots of this new Spanish imperialism reach

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back to the 16th century. Without its comprehension no understanding of the new Spanish imperialism is possible.

At the very time that the Renaissance and Reformation laid the foundations for the modern world of religious and national pluralism, Charles V of Spain reasserted, for the last time, the medieval tradition of religious and international universalism. This attempt was centered in Spain. Though the Iberian Peninsula, like her Eurasian counterparts the Russian plain and the Balkan Peninsula, preserved the traits of the Middle Ages longer than any other area in Europe, it was nevertheless the gate through which medieval Europe, confined to the Mediterranean and its trade routes, passed into the new world and the new age that had been opened up by the Iberian discovery of the South and Northern Atlantic. This borderland of Europe, separated from the continent by the mountain barrier of the Pyrenees, this country that was geographically, culturally and politically linked to Africa, this meeting place of two civilizations and two worlds, now became the starting place for a third world. During the course of a short century the three newly-discovered oceans, the Atlantic, the Indian and the Pacific, lapped the shores of four continents which had their focus in the Iberian Peninsula. The year 1492 inaugurated a period of unprecedented splendor, of unbelievable greatness. Charles V ruled over an empire infinitely greater and more fabulous than ever the Roman Empire had been. This world empire was without precedent in ancient history or in the Middle Ages. In the 16th century, the golden century of Spanish history, Spain not only held the imperial crown of the Holy Roman Empire. She ruled the Netherlands and Burgundy, Italy and Portugal and a vast dominion beyond the seas. Her troops sacked Rome in 1527 and in 1571 her fleet defeated the enemy with whom Christianity had for more than 900 years contested the control of the Mediterranean. Spain seemed destined, as no nation before her, to a universal mission.

But the mission which the new conquests and the ambitions

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of Charles V imposed upon Spain was far beyond her real strength and resources. Although the Iberian Peninsula is a well defined natural unit it has never yet reached the stage of national integration. The orographic and climatic conditions of the land, the character of its inhabitants, the inveterate traditions of its provinces, result in diversity and strife rather than in a common effort. After one century of world domination the land remained poor, its inhabitants impervious to the possibilities of new standards of production, the reality of their daily life mean and sordid. An escape from these conditions seemed to lead only into romantic adventure, mysticism and dreams. The high-soaring imperialism of Charles V could strike no firm roots in the soil of Spain.

Destiny seemed to have singled him out as the last militant champion of medieval universalism. All the great traditions of the later Middle Ages converged in his birth and growth. His great grandfather Charles the Bold of Burgundy, whose name he bore, had planned to recreate the Lotharingian Empire of the Carolingians from the North Sea to the Mediterranean. His grandfather Maximilian, from whom he inherited the lands of the Habsburgs and the imperial crown, had been the "last knight." He had personified for the German humanists the hope of an imperial renaissance. The Roman Empire, practically confined to Germany since the reigns of Charles IV and Frederick III, was under Maximilian again to reassert its universal mission. The grandparents of Charles V on his mother's side had unified Spain and had left it and the New World to him as a legacy. He grew up in the Netherlands, then the richest and most progressive part of Europe, in contact with the world of letters and the spirit of humanism. His first tutor was an Italian, Mercurino Gattinara, whose ideas had been formed by Dante's *De Monarchia* and who expected from Charles V the realization of the hope of a universal monarchy. As a boy of 16 he became King of Spain in 1516. Three years later Ferdinand Magellan, in the service of Charles, set out on the first circumnavigation of the globe and Charles

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himself was elected Holy Roman Emperor. Immediately he was forced to take up the issue that dominated his life, the unity of Christendom and Empire. He wished to defend their existence against Luther. Just as Maximilian has been called the last knight so one might call Charles V the last Catholic Emperor. He made Spain crusader for the Catholic idea.

In the attempt at infusing new life into the medieval imperial idea Charles V resorted to means characteristic of the new age of royal power and dynastic *étatism*. His imperial vision rested upon dynastic foundations—the road mapped out by his grandfather Maximilian. In pursuance of this policy he married his son Philip to the Queen of England, and had a son been born to this wedlock the Habsburgs would have concentrated more power in their hands than any royal house in history.

This dynastic imperialism, medieval in its dream, modern in its reality, was resisted by the leading Catholic princes of the time. In his fight against Charles V, Francis I of France (who even allied himself with the Turks against the Christian Empire) represented the nascent idea of a national state. The Pope, a territorial prince of the Renaissance and interested in the furtherance of his own dynastic aims, took up arms against the imperial champion of the Catholic faith. The brunt of the new Habsburg imperialism was no longer carried by Germany but by Spain, the heart of the Empire, "the foundation, protection and strength of all the others."

The imperial idea could rest in Spain upon a long tradition. Spaniards proudly reminded themselves that some of the greatest Roman emperors had been Spaniards. Whereas other nations had sent tribute to Rome, Spain had provided the imperial city with rulers like Trajan, Hadrian and Theodosius the Great. In Spain alone, at the end of the 15th century, the crusading spirit, after eight centuries, had not only survived but had even grown in fervor. In 1492 the long period of the *reconquista* of Spain from the hands of the Mohammedans, who had planted their banner on Iberian soil in 711, came to an end with the

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loss of the last Moslem stronghold in western Europe. In the same year Columbus sailed westward in a crusading spirit. In the 16th century Spain, up to that time isolated from Europe and turned largely against Islam, was drawn into European politics. She became their center, and at the same time the center of an effort to spread throughout Europe and the New World the crusade against infidels and heretics. In that glorious century Spain, which was the seat of great learning and of great art, had an invincible infantry and a navy that ruled the seas, and was not only the world center of power but the heart of Christianity also.

The *reconquista* had been a slow process. In the early Middle Ages Christians and Mohammedans had lived together in the Iberian Peninsula with no feeling of hatred or hostility. For more than three centuries the Mohammedans, who had occupied all the fertile lands, were infinitely superior not only politically but also intellectually. Islamic Cordova was the economic and political as well as the cultural center of the whole peninsula. As allies or vassals of Mohammedan princes, Christian princes fought indiscriminately against other Christians or other Mohammedans. That was true even of the great hero of the national Spanish legend, Rodrigo Diaz De Vivar (whose honorary title, the Cid, is derived from the Arabic *Sidi*, or My Lord). The Cid fought frequently in the service of Mohammedan princes and the legend glorifies as much his victories over Christians as his victories over Mohammedans. He was the expression, not of a national ideal but of the ideal of chivalry which united Mohammedan and Christian knights. His cultural life was deeply colored by Islam and its rational civilization. The crusading spirit grew into its own only in the later Middle Ages—and then it drew its strength from the severe and barren plateau of Castile. Whereas Aragon had become a great center of learning in constant intercourse with France and Italy, Castile, inaccessible within its mountain barriers, was shut off from Europe, hostile to foreign influences, withdrawn into itself. Barcelona blossomed as the seat of an

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early Renaissance civilization; the kings of the Aragonian dynasty ruled in Sicily and Naples; Aragon and Catalonia were a Mediterranean power. But the nobility of Castile were attracted by the wealth of the southern provinces of Spain, by the higher civilization of the flourishing plains tilled and ruled by the Moors. Castile and Aragon were different in tradition, history and spirit. Even the marriage of Isabella of Castile and Ferdinand of Aragon in 1469 did not produce more than a purely dynastic tie between the two countries. Despite this superficial tie the two Catholic monarchs were able in 1492 to bring the age of the *reconquista* to a close and in the same year to start the *conquistadores* off upon their new crusades.

At the end of the 15th century the Catholic majesties had united Spain and laid the foundations for a world empire. But Spain was no unity. The kingdoms and provinces remained isolated in their historical traditions and geographic fastness. Nor was there any religious unity in the peninsula. In many sections the Catholics were outnumbered by Mohammedans and Jews and the Islamic and Hebrew civilizations continued to exercise a great attraction, especially upon the nobility, who freely mixed with the Moors and the Jews. There were few families of the aristocracy and few high dignitaries of the Church in whose veins there did not flow some Moorish or Jewish blood. This religious disunity stood in the way of the growth of national unity. The obstacles to cultural and political amalgamation were greater in Spain, in an age when religion was the determining factor, than in any other country. Soon, when Lutheran propaganda rapidly won converts and the Moors plotted with their brethren in faith in northern Africa and in Turkey for the reconstitution of Islamic Spain, all chances for integration seemed lost. Under these circumstances the royal power began the battle for the unity of faith and the purity of blood, the *limpieza de sangre*, which was to integrate the Spanish nation around the throne and the Church.

The Catholic Majesties instituted the Holy Inquisition in 1478 as an instrument to forge the unity of the State, to break

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the independence of the nobility and of the clergy and to create national unity by weeding out all heresy. The Inquisition served many purposes, primarily of the State and only secondarily of the Church. As enemies of the faith, who hindered the unification of the nation, it fought Mohammedans and Jews. It was an instrument of religious reformation, created to combat laxity of faith and life; out of its flames arose the burning and austere zeal of the Spain devoted to the Counter-Reformation. The Inquisition was at first aimed against Mohammedans and Jews. Admission to high office and to the military orders was made dependent upon proof of purity of blood over at least four generations. The Popes opposed this demand but they were impotent against the Inquisition. Later on the Inquisition persecuted Lutherans; the humanists, followers of Erasmus; and heretic mystics. Disregarding old and recognized privileges of provinces and classes, it established a unity of jurisdiction for the whole territory of Spain. Through the immense fines and property confiscations which it imposed it augmented the royal treasury and forced the rebellious spirit of the nobles into submission. It anticipated the *cuius regio eius religio* of the Westphalian Peace by more than a century. It helped to identify State and Church, and tried to forge a unity of faith, life and loyalty out of the vastly divergent traditions, religions and races of Spain. And it used a method which "doomed the Spanish people to two centuries of vicious progress on a false path, and, by affording them a unity which in the nature of things could not be permanent, enabled them to impose themselves upon the world to an extent out of all proportion of their capacity, resources and real strength."[1]

On this foundation was built the Golden Century of Spain. State and Church had been welded into the closest unity but the welding of the nation had not been achieved. It was of the greatest importance that the Catholic Majesties could identify their rule "at the very outset with the advancement of the

[1] Hume, Martin A. S., *The Spanish People, their Origin, Influence and Growth*, London, 1901, p. 303.

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faith and with the successful completion of the national task."[2] They were not able to fuse the different administrations of the provinces, but they laid the foundation for a national church. Catholicism became in Spain in the 16th century a national church, almost independent of the Pope, jealous of its prerogatives and autonomy as against the Holy See. Yet it was at the same time universal and filled with a missionary zeal. Under Philip II the Church became both the *raison d'état* of the Spanish state and the foundation of its world-embracing imperialism. The Spaniards of the 16th century were, in their own eyes, of a unique purity and nobility of faith and blood, world conquerors and warriors for the one true universal religion. The conqueror remained the crusader. The religious and the national ideal fused, but the national ideal was an imperial one and the religious a universal one.

The Catholic Majesties and the Inquisition did not succeed in integrating Spain. They left the country a "congeries of separate states, differing from one another in race, in traditions, in language and in government, and bound together solely by the fact that they possessed a common kinship—a loose-jointed heterogeneous empire, the fundamental principle of whose administration was that of decentralized despotism."[3] The New World had been conquered for Castile and Leon, the Aragonese had no part in it. It was not till the year 1596 that identical privileges of emigrating to the Americas were extended to all the inhabitants of Spain, including the Aragonese. Philip II, in an effort to carry the centralization and unification of Spain farther, chose a new capital in the center of the country, Madrid—after 1560 the "only court" of Spain. This town, void at that time of any great historical or cultural tradition, was situated in the midst of the barren and treeless plateau of Castile and suffered from oppressive heat and fiery duststorms in summer and icy northern gales in winter. Philip II's century was not only the century of Spanish world

[2] Merriman, Roger Bigelow, *The Rise of the Spanish Empire in the Old World and in the New*, New York, 1918, vol. II, p. 74.
[3] *Ibid.*, p. 167.

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power but also of learning and arts in Spain. A new national pride filled the heart of the Spaniard. Castilian became the official language of the country and gained supremacy over the other regional tongues not only because it was the language of the court but also because of the great works produced in it. Spanish patriotism was kindled by the cultural flowering of Castile. In his address on the reform of education Simon Abril suggested to Philip II that the physicians should use "clear Castilian instead of an obscure and barbarous Latin" and that civil law should be expressed "*en lengua comun y popular.*" The glory of the Spanish language was spread throughout Europe in the 16th century, "partly by fugitive Spanish Jews who tenaciously retained their Castilian for generations and centuries."[4] Leading humanists and churchmen like Luis Ponce De Leon, ennobled the vernacular by using it in their theological writings and in their verse. Leon sounds the new pride in the national language in the Preface to the first part of his *De Los Nombres De Cristo*, when he exhorts all *buenos ingenios* to write "*en nuestra lengua, para el uso comun de todos.*" Generally Luis De Leon may be said to voice the sentiment of his time. He wrote: "If we examine the whole history of the past, we will find nothing greater or more unexpected than that which happened in the time of our fathers, when the Spanish, crossing the vasty deep, discovered a new world, not smaller, perhaps much larger, than the Empire of Rome." He found the new epoch prophesied in the Bible and very ingeniously proved that the Spaniards were a predestined people, "although whether it is to be envied or pitied on that account would be no easy matter to decide."[5]

The Spain of the Golden Century was the home of the religious fervor and the militant passion of the struggle against the Protestant revolution. The conflict demanded a ruthless insistence upon unquestioned unity, a horror of the slightest contamination by the new ideas, a rigidity against any concession

[4] Bell, Aubrey F. G., *Luis De Leon, A Study of the Spanish Renaissance*, Oxford, 1925, p. 34.
[5] *Ibid.*, p. 279.

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which might undermine the whole structure. The Society of Jesus was nurtured by the spirit of Spain. Under Charles V Spain had participated, for a short while, in the open spaces of the world; under Philip II she withdrew again, distrustful of all foreign influences, of all contact with new ideas. Once more the Pyrenees became an unsurmountable barrier. The new currents of the European thought and social development in the 17th and 18th centuries did not cross them; sheltered by the Pyrenees, a new scholasticism was revived. After a short, glorious period of world leadership Spain ceased, intellectually and economically, to be of Europe. Though she had been, after France, the first European state to lay the foundations of nationhood and national unification, she was unable to maintain her greatness or to enter modern nationhood in the 18th century.

For the wave of national pride, the consciousness of a national mission which spread over Spain in the 15th and 16th centuries, had nothing in common with modern nationalism. It did not transform the Spanish people, it did not awaken new energies in them; it gave them no new cohesion that would have enabled them to leave the Middle Ages behind and to establish the social, intellectual and economic life of the country on new foundations. Therefore the Spaniards were incapable of maintaining the greatness which a brief century had showered upon them. Their attitude toward economic life remained medieval and oriental. They despised manual work, trade, commerce and agriculture. With the expulsion of the Mohammedans and Jews not only the traders but also the artisans and the peasants left Spain. Nobody took their place; the Castilians looked down upon their trades as the manual work of inferior races and cursed infidels. The Castilians considered themselves noblemen by birth and destiny. Everybody wished to be at least an *hidalgo*, the *hijo de algo*, the son of somebody. A *furor nobiliarus* had seized the Spaniards; the glory of the past filled them with conceit; for the present they lived in illusions, afar from the saddening reality around them. The influence of the Church increased the idleness. As early as

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1570 a quarter of the adult population was clerical, in 1626 Spain had 9,088 monasteries and innumerable nunneries. For a short while the cultural flowering of Spain went on simultaneously with her political and economic decay but in 1621 Spain offered the picture of an "exhausted, depopulated country, riddled by corruption from top to bottom, swarming with beggars and hangers-on of the court, of the nobles and of the monasteries."[6] The picture of desolation was further darkened by the final expulsion, at the beginning of the 17th century, of the descendants of baptized Moors, the number of whom amounted probably to half a million. Under these conditions Spain was unable to fulfill the mission to which she felt herself called—to be the center of world unity and of world faith. The Spanish kings had been animated by a sincere intention of drawing the Indians, by a vast educational program, into the one Catholic civilization. But this magnanimous and farsighted policy broke down after 1600. The royal subsidies to the Indian University in Tlaltelolto were discontinued. The vision of an equality of the Indians with Spaniards in a vast Indo-Iberial Empire faded; a period of cruel oppression began. In the Americas as well as in Spain the Empire decayed. The integration of Spain into a modern nation, the vitalization of her empire, remained a dream, Spain relapsed into seclusion from the general current of European development. The 17th century no longer belonged to Spain but to England, the country which first succeeded in welding her state and people into a modern nation. Like Spain, England had been a European borderland, backward and poor, and had been awakened only with the dawn of the Atlantic era. But whereas Spain remained impervious to the intellectual, economic and religious revolutions, England was nourished by them and became in the 17th century the home from which they radiated to the New World and to the European continent.

The civil war in Spain, which has now come to at least a

[6] Trevor-Davies, R., *The Golden Century of Spain*, London, 1937, p. 260.

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temporary close, was a battle between two interpretations of Spanish nationalism. One of these is liberal and forward-looking. It acknowledges and welcomes the great changes wrought by the Anglo-Saxon and French Revolutions of the 17th and 18th centuries. The other is reactionary and spell-bound by the past,[7] and is now attempting to impress its stamp upon the future course of Spain. In the name of a resurgent golden century it will join fascism and national socialism in their fight against liberalism and rationalism, democracy and individualism, against the spirit and achievements of the modern Europe which had its rise in 17th century England. This new imperialism, with all its roots in the past, will nevertheless employ the most modern and refined techniques of propaganda and mass appeal, as developed in such an authoritative way by the new masters of Spain, Mussolini and Hitler. Like these two the new Spain will link its most modern and globe-encircling power politics with an appeal to the emotions of a distant past.

[7] See my article "The Twilight of Nationalism?" in THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Summer 1937, Vol. 6, No. 3.

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Kit Carson, "Bayard of the Plains"

ALLAN NEVINS

THAT long struggle which carried the frontier westward from Jamestown and Plymouth to Monterey and the Willamette will doubtless remain for centuries the principal romance of American history. It is our one universal epos, appealing to all sections, all States, all localities alike. The Revolutionary War belongs only to the Atlantic seaboard, the Civil War only to the States east of the Mississippi. The industrial transformation of the nation, a story filled with drama and second to none in significance, touches urban and industrial communities far more intimately than rural areas. But the conquest of shaggy nature, beginning with Captain John Smith and Miles Standish, has covered in its westward march every county, every township in the Union. And this is not only the most universal but the most characteristically American of all the chapters in our history. True, pioneering of an equally heroic character has been required in Australia and Canada, in Argentina and Siberia; Russians are pioneering today in the sub-Arctic and Englishmen in Rhodesia. But nowhere else has the history of the frontier the variety, color or fullness of the American chronicle; nowhere else was the conquest so rapid, bold and complete. The outside world has long since acknowledged the superior interest of our pioneering exploits. It is Fenimore Cooper and Mayne Reid, not novelists of the Australian bush or Argentine pampas, that European boys read; it was Buffalo Bill, not some South African hero, that European spectators flocked to see; it is motion pictures of our Wild West, not of Siberia, which draw audiences from Copenhagen to Auckland.

And what a gallery of admired national figures that two and a half centuries of frontier adventure produced! The line begins

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in the dim past with the hero of the Pequot fight and the heroine of the Deerfield massacre, with Captain Underhill and Hannah Dustin; it runs down through Lovewell of the tragic Maine battle, Robert Rogers of the Canadian border marches, Johnson, Herkimer and Walter Butler of the New York frontier, Croghan and George Morgan of Western Pennsylvania, and John Sevier in North Carolina to the men who first bore the Kentucky long rifle across the Alleghenies and to the leaders of John Jacob Astor's Mackinaw trappers. As the generations pass, the defile of figures in fur or buckskin becomes heavier. We might enumerate 50 men whose names will be music to boyhood for generations to come. Those who glanced through the successive volumes of the *Dictionary of American Biography* as they appeared in recent years must have been impressed by the pioneer group, for every state produced its quota. It required a special body of contributors to treat them. Some figures will long be conspicuous—Davy Crockett, Simon Kenton, Hugh Glass, Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Ceran St. Vrain, Old Bill Williams, Louis Bonneville, Peter Skene Ogden. These make up one of the securest of our groups of immortals. They can have no successors and therefore no rivals. In the course of centuries we shall produce authors who will make Emerson and Whitman seem minor figures; statesmen who will equal Washington and Lincoln; industrialists as striking as Rockefeller and Carnegie. But we shall have no more leaders of pioneering. These heroes of frontier and plain remain apart, unapproachable, unique, projected forever against the background of the most highly colored phase of our history.

Of the two preeminent figures in this group, long since chosen by popular acclaim, there can be no question; they are Daniel Boone and Kit Carson. Their fame as the foremost frontiersmen of their respective generations seems securely established. Boone belongs to the East, Carson to the West; Boone to the advance across the Appalachians, Carson to the advance across the Rockies. Boone long ago won his place in the Hall of Fame in New York, and if the West had a similar Valhalla

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Carson's bust would soon adorn it. From the popular verdict in this field of fame there is essentially no appeal.

Yet in both instances competent historians have dissented from the general judgment. Clarence W. Alvord, perhaps the ablest recent student of Western history, repeatedly attacked the adulation of Boone as not merely exaggerated but substantially baseless. Boone was, he intimated, nearly as much a figure of moonshine as William Tell. A myth had been created of a hunter of unrivalled skill, of a border warrior of unmatched courage, who blazed the way across the mountains for a host of liberty-loving pioneers. Legend credited him with finding the Wilderness Gap; with pushing into Kentucky when white men had never set foot there; with advertising the wonderful fertility of the land and guiding the advance guard of that irresistible army of colonists which planted great new States—Kentucky, Tennessee, Missouri. As a matter of fact, declared Alvord, Boone had never evinced any astonishing skill in woodcraft or prowess in fighting Indians. He had not been discoverer of the Wilderness trail, for the gap was well known when he entered it. He had not been the first white man to penetrate the heart of Kentucky; indeed scores of white men had roamed over it before him. He was not in the least responsible for the great invasion of the Kentucky-Tennessee country by the Virginians and Carolinians, which would have occurred substantially when and as it did had he never lived. In short, Boone represented the naive symbolism of a myth. Not one man but hundreds were responsible for settling Kentucky—the fur-hunter, the pack-trader, the land-speculator, the adventurer, above all the restless farmer on the fringes of civilization. Boone himself as the years went by complacently accepted the myth and called himself "an instrument ordained of God to settle the wilderness." But the folklore-Boone implies a childish simplification of historical causation.

The historical criticism of Kit Carson has pursued different lines. No myth-maker ever attempted to elevate him to the status of a founder of commonwealths, a molder of history;

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and it is therefore unnecessary to denigrate his social importance. But various students hold that simply as an individual, a hero, his stature has been exaggerated. By general consent three mountain men and scouts of the Far West stand forth from the ruck of their fellows: Thomas Fitzpatrick or "Broken Hand," James Bridger and Kit Carson. Of these three, realistic observers of history say Fitzpatrick—an organizer of trapping—was the most distinguished, useful and impressive, a man of higher intellectual capacity and acquirements (for he was educated and the others were illiterate). James Bridger, we are told, possessed greater native ability than Carson and gained a much fuller knowledge of the West but had fewer opportunities to distinguish himself. According to this view Carson, like Boone before him, was singled out by luck for a series of favors. He happened to fall in with Frémont and became guide to his second and third expeditions. Frémont, an earthbound Lindbergh, had but to speak a name to give it currency, and he and Jessie spoke often and eloquently of Carson. The same luck gave Kit Carson a prominent place in the resounding events of 1846 in California—the Bear Flag War, the march of the California battalion, the fighting in the southern valleys, the Frémont-Kearny quarrel. His fame was heralded by the press; he figured in Congressional debates. As the years passed he was thrown into association with Edward Beale, George Brewerton, William Tecumseh Sherman, General James F. Rusling and others who, captivated by his simple, modest integrity, never failed to sound his praises. He dictated an autobiography to a fellow townsman and when this fell into the hands of a literary army surgeon, Dr. DeWitt C. Peters, the result was that thrilling opus, *The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson, the Nestor of the Rocky Mountains, From Facts Narrated by Himself*. Yellowback writers took up the hero and embroidered his achievements. All the while Thomas Fitzpatrick of the Broken Hand was achieving and enduring as much and was the stronger, wiser man; but there was no Frémont to herald him to millions, no Thomas Hart Benton

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to urge a commission, no Peters to make him the theme of a thriller. He died unknown and was buried in an unmarked grave. Whereas Carson has been made the subject of a small library, Fitzpatrick had to wait until half a dozen years ago to receive his first biography. It is too late to change the popular verdict; nevertheless, say W. J. Ghent and Milo M. Quaife, it is not too late for serious students to realize that Fitzpatrick was probably Carson's superior and James Bridger his equal.

But these criticisms of Boone and Carson utterly miss the main point and therefore fall to the ground. The essential point is that these two frontiersmen have been singled out for eminence not because they were greater men than others but simply because they were more typical—more fully representative of a certain definite time, place and field of activity. They better sum up their epochs. Certain highly salient individuals become human documents, and Carson and Boone were documents of quintessential richness. Each, to change the image, reflected more facets of the frontier than anybody else and reflected them more dramatically. The two most celebrated frontier heroes are the two most representative frontiersmen.

And there can be little doubt that Americans have been correct in thinking Kit Carson the most typical of the mountain men and Far Western guides. Befriended though he was by luck his reputation was by no means fortuitous. It is evident that he lacked Fitzpatrick's intellectual ability and that he did not have Jim Bridger's encyclopedic knowledge of Western topography and the Indians. But his career more completely embraced the trapping, trail-breaking, scouting, guiding, Indian-fighting and Indian-managing of the typical Westerners of his time than did Fitzpatrick's or Bridger's. It was a better-rounded career made up of a longer list of memorable episodes.

The heroes of the Far West in Carson's time, it must be remembered, led lives that were stamped by a remarkable similarity. Nearly all the principal trans-Missouri pioneers passed through three phases as well marked as the traditional three periods in the lives of British men of letters. They began early

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in the 19th century as trappers, threaded the snow-crowned ranges and followed the rushing streams through dark fir-clad valleys or canyons of bed-rock in search of beaver pelts. By 1840 or 1842 the beaver—forerunners of the buffalo—were so nearly exterminated that trapping was unprofitable. At the same time the tides of settlement and conquest were about to overflow the last of the West. The mountain men, therefore, as walking maps turned to guide exploring expeditions, parties of emigrants and military columns. Some turned to supplying the emigrant trains with meat and other necessities. But that phase was even more transient than the day of the trapper. Within another 15 years the West had become so well mapped and so largely settled that guides were superfluous. Some adventurous Westerners at last settled down as farmers; some turned to trade; some obtained government berths as Indian agents. They ended their years in prosaic posts.

I am tempted to linger over the salt personality of Jim Bridger. It was Bridger who once remarked that for 17 years he had never tasted bread; who carried an Indian arrow-head embedded in his back for three years, until Marcus Whitman cut it out; who, when asked whether another grave wound he received would not suppurate, replied carelessly, "In the mountains meat never spoils." It was Bridger who with a piece of charcoal or stick could scratch on the ground a map of the Far West more correct than any made by cartographers; who discovered many of the principal landmarks between the Rockies and Sierras; who, in 1824 the first white man to see the Great Salt Lake, spat out a mouthful of its water with the exclamation "Hell, we are on the shores of the Pacific." It was he who knew more about the Indians, their habits, minds and desires, than any other white man; who was seen by Captain Stansbury of the Army keeping a large circle of Sioux spellbound for an hour by a long narrative in sign language (the group frequently bursting into choruses of surprise or laughter); who summed up the experience of years with "hostiles" in the remark, "Where there ain't no Indians, there you find

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them thickest!" It was Bridger who bought a copy of Shakespeare with a yoke of cattle worth $125 and hired a wagon boy at $40 a month to read it to him, but gave up in the middle of *Richard III* with the ejaculation "I won't listen any more to the talk of a man who was mean enough to kill his mother."

Bridger was a daring and resourceful man but we lack illustration; we know that he had many hairbreadth escapes but only one of them has come down to us. He will be remembered primarily for the grim episode that turned his hair white in a day. In 1832, surprised by a band of hostile Blackfeet in the Big Sandy Valley west of South Pass, he had to race for his life. He galloped for the neighboring mountains but his horse failed him. Dismounting, he fled frantically through the brush, the Indians following on foot. At last, close-pressed, he rounded a ledge, found a hole in the rocks, crept in and hastily closed its mouth with sticks and grass. The scurrying footsteps of the savages pelted past. Waiting until night he crawled out, set off in what he thought was the safest direction and walked straight into the Indian camp. No one was awake but he hurried back to his hiding-place. Next morning the search was resumed and he heard the Indians beating all about his refuge. On the second night he escaped down a stream that flowed near the Indian camp. For days, slowly starving, he wandered onward. In crossing another stream he lost his rifle and was left with no weapon but a knife. One night while he dug in a swamp for roots a pack of wolves chased him into a tree where he remained till daybreak. At the point of death he was saved by coming upon the carcass of a buffalo half eaten by wild animals. Finally, at the extremity of weakness and despair, he was found by two friendly half-breeds. A walking skeleton, his hair snowy white, he was hardly recognizable.

But Kit Carson came closer to the norm or type of the mountain man than his two contemporaries, and of his adventures we fortunately know ten times as much as of Bridger's or Fitzpatrick's. They were as distinct a group, these mountain trappers, as the cowboys who came later. A hard, practical breed,

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they dwelt in the unknown; and without compass, often without companion, they wrested a living from it. Some of them, like Sublette and Ashley, even gained fortunes. The French *coureurs*, a set of daring adventurers, had been first to penetrate the West; but the cooler, longer-headed, deadly-shooting Missourians, born woodsmen by virtue of ancestry, easily surpassed them. And there lived no better woodsman than Kit Carson. The trappers were of course rude and ignorant and had frontier manners; they were so wild that, like Kit, they were glad to marry Indian women; they spoke a rugged, picturesque lingo of their own which, as various writers have transmitted it, now needs translation. A streak of pride, a wild vanity, entered into their composition and they liked to be called "white Injuns"; but off the trail and away from the rendezvous they were essentially modest. After all, the pride was pardonable—it was chiefly in their exertions, toils and privations, in their prowess with trap, knife and axe, in their deadliness with their trusted guns—Old Bull-Thrower, Knock-Him-Stiff, Old Straightener. A trapper might take many Indian wives but he was monogamous in his devotion to his gun. And in all the West no shot excelled Kit. They were hard workers, hard players, hard fighters, hard drinkers—even Kit in his early days. They were inured to excess. Leading lives of perfect liberty in the wilderness, in society they often turned to lives of perfect license. Carson in his hot youth was no exception to the rule. One frank passage in his autobiography hints at his wild early courses when, fresh from the lonely trail, money burned in his pocket and barroom and fandango were at hand to lure him:

> In April, 1831, we had all arrived safely at Taos. The amount due us was paid, each of us having several hundred dollars. We passed the time gloriously, spending our money freely, never thinking that our lives had been risked in gaining it. Our only idea was to get rid of the dross as soon as possible, but at the same time have as much pleasure and enjoyment as the country could afford. Trappers and sailors are similar in regard to the money that they earn so dearly, being daily in danger of losing their lives. But when the voyage has been made and they have received their pay, they think not of the

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hardships and dangers through which they have passed, but spend all they have and are then ready for another trip.

It was the peculiar fortune of Kit Carson, as of Boone, that he not only encountered all the types of adventure that befell his associates but that he met them in especially memorable form. Was it peril from wild beasts? He was never mauled like Hugh Glass; but read his graphic account (in his autobiography) of how, hunting elk on the Laramie River, he had just fired his gun when two large grizzlies lumbered toward him from the thicket. He dropped his empty piece and clambered into an aspen tree just in time; there, 15 feet up, he clung while one of the bears uprooted smaller trees about and vainly attempted to dislodge Carson. Was it peril from winter snow and ice? What other mountain man ever had an adventure as desperate as Carson's midwinter transit of the high Sierras while guide to Frémont in January 1844—a feat reckless in the extreme, carried out when the snow lay six feet on the level and was drifted into immense masses, and when the pack-animals had nothing to eat but each other's tails. Carson's Pass, with a monument at the crest, commemorates the achievement. Was it peril from the "bad men," the desperadoes, of the Old West? In his famous duel with Shunar, the French-Canadian bully, Kit Carson met and vanquished a typical killer at the great summer rendezvous of the trappers on Green River in 1837.

Typical also of the mountain men was Carson's attitude, while trapper and guide, toward the Indians. He long held the frontiersman's belief that the only good Indian was the stone-dead Indian, that the golden rule was to shoot them before they treacherously shot you and that the extermination of Indian braves was the price of safety. A harsh doctrine, but it was the general creed of the West. Fitzpatrick, who loved peace and shed little blood, was no true son of the border. In Carson's Indian-killing there is nothing more savage than innumerable episodes of frontier history—for example, than that Black Hawk War in which Abraham Lincoln figured, when Illinois

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volunteers chased helpless men, women and children into the Mississippi and shot them as they swam. Carson himself never lifted his hand against Indian child or woman. But he took pleasure in lifting a scalp. Once, as Frémont tells us, he participated in scalping an Indian not yet dead. To us Carson's implacable early attitude is the one grave blot on his memory. Sometimes, beyond question, he lacked any excuse save that what he did was typical of the time and section.

Take, for example, the story in his autobiography of his share in chastising some runaway Indians of the San Rafael Mission in California in 1830. He was with Ewing Young's trappers on the Sacramento. While he was near the mission he heard that a body of Indians had run away from it and joined a wild tribe. Doubtless they were tired of the virtual slavery in which the mission held them. The priests of San Rafael sent a party of friendly Indians in pursuit. A clash between pursuers and pursued followed, the friendly Indians were defeated and they appealed to the white trappers for aid. Carson and 11 other men joined them. He writes:

> We returned to the village and made an attack and fought for one entire day. The Indians were routed and lost a great number of men. We entered the village in triumph, set fire to it, and burned it to the ground. The next day we demanded the runaways, and informed the Indians that if they were not immediately given up, we would not leave one of them alive. They complied with our demands. . . .

It should be noted that the sole offense of the Indians whom Carson and his companions routed was that they had given shelter to the fleeing mission Indians. The trappers shot them without compunction, destroyed their pitiful property and drove the runaway Indians back to slavery. Or take that passage in the autobiography which tells how in January 1833, while he was one of a group of trappers on the Arkansas, some Crow Indians stole 9 horses from them. Carson and his mates pursued them for 40 miles. At night they approached the Indian camp, crawled near it and waited until the savages went to sleep. Then, coming still closer, they reached the horses, cut

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the ropes and quietly drove them away. They had recovered their property. But Carson goes on to say:

> We then held a council, taking the views of each in regard to what had best be done. Some were in favor of retiring; having recovered their property and received no damage, they were willing to return to camp. Not so with those that had lost no animals. They wanted satisfaction for the trouble and hardships they had gone through while in pursuit of the thieves. Myself and two others were the only ones that had not lost horses and we were determined to have satisfaction, let the consequences be ever so fatal. The peace party could not get a convert to their side. Seeing us so determined to fight (there is always a brotherly affection existing among trappers, and the side of danger is always the choice), it was not long before all agreed to join us in our perilous enterprise.
>
> We started the horses that had been retaken to the place where we had tied our other animals, with three of our men acting as an escort. We then marched directly for the fort from which we had taken our horses. When we were within a few paces of it, a dog discovered us and began to bark. The Indians were alarmed and commenced to get up, when we opened a deadly fire, each ball taking its victim. We killed nearly every Indian in the fort. The few that remained were wounded and made their escape to the other fort, whose inmates commenced firing on us but without effect. . . . It was now near day, and the Indians could see our force, which was so weak they concluded to charge on us. We received them calmly, and when they got very close fired on them, killing five. . . .

A savage reprisal for the theft of 9 horses! But we must remember that if the Indians could have turned the tables they would have treated the white still more cruelly, and that we can no more judge Carson than Rob Roy by standards other than those of the wild border. His companions regarded him as singularly gentle, generous and quiet. His character, his principal asset, was a compound of iron courage, undeviating honesty and great moderation. But the West in those years witnessed wars to the death and he fought as implacably as its code demanded.

As a guide, in the days of the great exploring and military expeditions of the West, Carson did work that was both more

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spectacular and more useful than Fitzpatrick's or Bridger's. He was an indispensable member of Frémont's first and second expeditions. Going out with the third, he was beside Frémont when Castro ordered Frémont to leave California; at Frémont's side in the desperate midnight battle with the Klamath Indians a few weeks later; a member of the party on the reentry into California and the outbreak of the Bear Flag War; in the march of Frémont's naval battalion from San Diego to Los Angeles; with Frémont when he and Stockton, preceded by a brass band, made their triumphal entry into Los Angeles on August 13, 1846. In short, Carson left his name on some of the most stirring and controversial pages of California's history. Then, when Frémont had sent him East with dispatches Kearny stopped him at Socorro, New Mexico, in October 1846 and impressed him into service to guide his Army of the West to Los Angeles. Mark with what firm hand Fortune, always on Carson's side, here again intervened against poor Fitzpatrick. For it was Fitzpatrick who had guided Kearny's army as far as Socorro. Had it not been for the chance meeting with Carson Fitzpatrick would have guided it the rest of the way and would thus have taken a major part in the striking final scenes of 1846 in California. Carson stepped into his place, and while Fitzpatrick dropped back to his usual obscurity the gallant Kit was again in the thick of adventure, peril and controversy. He was with Kearny in the disastrous battle of San Pasquale in which the headlong rush of the Mexican lancers shattered the American dragoons. When Kearny's army, besieged after this battle and in a desperate predicament, had to send to San Diego for help from Commodore Stockton it was Carson who with one Indian plus Lieutenant Beale of the Navy volunteered to carry the message.

Here again we come upon an exploit that will long resound in Western annals; one of those episodes which all but confer immortality upon a dashing few—a Marco Bozzaris, a Colonel Ellsworth, a Richmond P. Hobson. Picture the situation: Kearny's little army, many of its men wounded, pent on a hill-

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top 30 miles outside San Diego; no forage or water for the horses; no water for the men but a few cupfuls from muddy holes and no food but mule-meat; the victorious and far larger force of the Mexicans all about them. At dusk Captain Pico threw a triple cordon about the hill and began marching a patrol as an additional precaution. He warned his men "The wolf will escape." Through this triple cordon and this moving patrol Kit Carson and Beale prepared to slip. Instant death would have been the penalty of discovery. They provisioned themselves with a little parched corn and mule-meat. Creeping stealthily forward they found that their shoes made some noise and removed them. They could plainly see the three rows of mounted sentinels. To pass them they had to crawl two miles. Once a Mexican rode near them and dismounted to light his cigarette with flint and steel. Carson, just ahead of Beale, softly kicked his companion as a signal for him to lie still. And so still did they lie, during those moments of suspense, that Carson later averred he could distinctly hear Lieutenant Beale's heart pulsate. Later still another sentry approached and Beale, putting his mouth upon Carson's ear, whispered "We are gone —let us jump up and fight it out." But Carson whispered back "No, I have been in worse places before and Providence saved me." By daylight they were well out from the beleaguered hill. Taking separate paths they reached Stockton's force that night. Beale, exhausted and delirious, had to be carried in, while Carson was disabled for several days.

It was after this exploit—after his appearance in Washington in 1847 and his loyal support of Frémont in the quarrel with Kearny—that Carson became a national hero. The admiration he received was not diminished by the simplicity and modesty with which he bore it. One of his celebrators, Brewerton, tells us of the impression he made upon a first view:

> The Kit Carson of my *imagination* was over six feet high—a sort of modern Hercules in his build—with an enormous beard, and a voice like a roused lion. . . . The *real* Kit Carson I found to be a plain, simple, unostentatious man, rather below medium height, with brown

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curling hair, little or no beard, and a voice as soft and gentle as a woman's. In fact, the hero of a hundred desperate encounters, whose life had been mostly spent amid wildernesses, where the white man is almost unknown, was one of Dame Nature's gentlemen—a sort of article which she gets up occasionally, but nowhere in better style than among the backwoods of America.

The third phase of Carson's career, if not the most interesting is the most attractive of all. It is one of the few ironies of his simple life that, the war over, his beloved New Mexico under the American flag, he resolved to settle down at the very moment that a sensational event in the West unsettled thousands of Americans. He went to reside in Taos in 1849 just as his friend Ned Beale, carrying specimens of nuggets and official dispatches upon California gold, passed through Santa Fé, unknown to Carson. Just when other men from Maine to Mississippi were abandoning home and calling to pour into California, Carson retired from adventure, determined to roam no more. His friend Frémont, still ignorant of the discovery, had gone westward from Taos in 1849—westward until he overtook that motley crowd of 1200 Sonora Mexicans hurrying north at Yuma in a great dust-cloud. He demanded their errand and was electrified by the reply—"Gold! Gold!" But Carson writes of himself and his friend Lucien Maxwell in his autobiography, "we had been leading a roving life long enough, and now was the time, if ever, to make a home for ourselves and children." He built himself a little whitewashed adobe hut; devoted himself to his new wife Josefa and his expanding family; turned his hand to moneymaking. One of his peaceful exploits was to direct the drive of a flock of 6,500 sheep in 1853 from the valley below Santa Fé northward to Fort Laramie and west by the Overland Trail to the California coast. He seized the opportunity to tour California. San Francisco, which he had last seen as the straggling hamlet, Yerba Buena, was now a bustling city of 40,000; the flat, sprawling, flea-bitten Mexican village of Los Angeles was now an American town of 2,000. Then Carson and Maxwell rode back along

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the Kearny trail. There was a poetic appropriateness in this last grand tour of the West by the prince of trappers and scouts. It was a tour which carried him by all the old trails—the Sweetwater, the Green, the Humboldt, the Sierra passes, the San Joaquin, and back home by the Gila—a tour on which, as E. L. Sabin writes, he was companioned by a hundred memories. And it was appropriate, too, that he and Frémont should both close the nomadic phase of their careers by journeys in the same year, 1853. They made their exit together from the stage of the Far West—the two most famous and spectacular heroes of its most romantic epoch.

Even in the last phase of his life Carson's peculiar good fortune followed him, for he had opportunities in government employment to distinguish himself above any of his old companions of the trapper company and emigrant trail. No other mountain man was entrusted with such a responsibility as he assumed when during the Civil War, at the head of nearly 1,000 men, he fought the last war of the United States against the Navajos. It ended in a complete success, with the Indians defeated, pursued to a reservation and confined there. No other mountain man became a brevet brigadier-general. And after the battle of Adobe Walls, and the conclusion of the Indian campaigning Carson did valuable service in assisting the government to conclude peace with the tribes of the great plains.

But it is the mellow serenity, the breadth, poise and dignity to which his character had attained that makes the last phase of Carson's career so attractive. Character and not intellect was always his principal possession. Frémont had remarked "With me Carson and Truth are one." Brewerton had written "One of Dame Nature's gentlemen." Beale apostrophized him: "O wise of counsel, strong of fame, brave of heart, and gentle of nature!" He had always been conscientious, honorable, dependable and modest; now as the wisdom of age fell upon him, his sensitiveness and kindliness grew. He had seen enough of bloodshed to become a lover of peace. He had seen enough of turmoil to appreciate the phase of quiet growth upon which the

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West was entering. His service with Frémont, his association with the wealthy landholder Maxwell and his Civil War duties had enlarged his views. He had grown with the years and was still growing. One associate after another has testified to the rare charm imparted to his personality by his probity, his manifest sincerity, his unselfishness, his gentleness and charity. With his mild blue eyes, genial smile and soft and sympathetic voice he perhaps no longer fitted into the popular conception of a frontiersman, but he did fit into an old concept held by the Anglo-Saxon race. For, to quote Brigadier-General James F. Rusling, he was "as simple as a child, but as brave as a lion." W. T. Sherman remarked while on a tour of his Western Department in 1866, "These redskins think Kit twice as big a man as me. Why, his integrity is simply perfect. They know it, and they would believe him and trust him any day before me." Rusling writes:

> he was very conscientious, and in all our talks would frequently say: "Now stop, gentlemen! Is this right? *Ought* we to do this? *Can* we do that? Is this like human nature?" . . . as if it was his habit of mind to test everything by the moral law. I think that was the predominating feature of his character—his perfect honesty and truthfulness—quite as much as his matchless coolness and courage.

When we are asked about Carson's significance in American history we can make only a modest claim for him. He had no high or essential significance. He originated no new force; he did not guide or even deflect any important current in national affairs. He was simply a great type, the representative of a unique time and place and group of men. He embodies the quintessential qualities, and his exploits reflect the characteristic experiences of the mountain men and the guides of the Far West as Boone's do those of the Allegheny frontiersmen. But in justice to Carson it should be added that in some respects he rose above the breed of which he was so magnificent a representative; that he had traits, particularly in his riper years, superior to those of his group. With one scene, reflecting these qualities, I should like to take leave of Carson. He died in the

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spring of 1868 at Fort Lyon, Colorado. The episode of which I speak took place not many months earlier at Fort Garland in the same Territory. Some event had suddenly reminded him, in conversation, of the recent and ever-dreadful butchery by Colonel Chivington's militia of a camp of friendly Indians at Sand Creek, Colorado. It had been a butchery that spared neither age nor sex. There in his log quarters, his Mexican wife and his half-breed children about him, Carson was stirred to a burst of eloquence. He had fought without mercy against merciless Indian braves but he had never once struck what according to his code was a foul blow. Now, Rusling tells us, he burst out:

To think of that dog Chivington and his hounds, up thar at Sand Creek! Whoever heard of such doings among Christians! The pore Indians had our flag flying over them, that same old stars and stripes that we all love and honor, and they'd been told down to Denver that so long as they kep' that flyin' they'd be safe. Well, then, here come along that durn'd Chivington and his cusses. They'd bin out several days huntin' hostile Indians, and couldn't find non no-whar, and if they had they'd a run from them, you bet! So they just pitched into these friendlies, and massa*creed* them—yes, sir, literally massa-*creed* them—in cold blood, in spite of our flag thar—women and little children even! Why, Senator Foster told me with his own lips, and him and his committee investigated this, you know, that that thar d____d miscreant and his men shot down squaws, and blew the brains out of little innocent children—even pistoled little babies in the arms of their dead mothers, and worse than that! And ye call *these* civilized men, Christians; and the Injuns savages, do ye?

I tell ye what; I don't like a hostile Redskin any better than you do. And when they are hostile, I fout 'em as hard as any man. But I never yit drew bead on a squaw or papoose, and hate the man that would. 'Taint nateral for brave men to kill women and little children, and no one but a coward or dog would do it. Of course, when we white men do sich awful things, why these pore ignorant critters don't know no better than to follow suit. Pore things! I've seen as much of 'em as any white man living, and I can't help but pity them. They'll soon all be gone, anyhow.

There spoke the man whom Frémont, with his occasional instinct for the right phrase, had called the Bayard of the plains.

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The Propagandist Bids for Power

HAROLD D. LASSWELL

AMERICA'S debt to propaganda is very great. The propagandist of religion walked beside or a little in advance of, the explorer, trader and occupier of the broad acres of the New World. The natural reluctance of men to pull up stakes and settle overseas was overcome, in part, by the incessant use of propaganda. It is true that the early bearers of European civilization in America had often been the unwilling inmates of the debtors' prisons. But gradually the lure of the West caught the imagination of Europe and sturdy citizens trooped by the millions to these shores. "The land of opportunity" is a tribute to the tireless propaganda of the colonizing and shipping interests on both sides of the Atlantic Ocean. The resources of the New World needed the seminal touch of capital investment, and the task of attracting capital for a fallow continent was undertaken by promoters who made use of every device in the propaganda armory of their day. There is no doubt of the efficacy of propaganda in overcoming the hesitation of men to move themselves and to risk their capital in America. This, perhaps, is America's greatest debt to propaganda.

The internal consolidation of America went along with the specialized use of propaganda. Religious propaganda (in the form of home and foreign missions) has been a powerful outlet for American energy. The ingenious Committees of Correspondence bound together the men of action who were scattered among the several colonies and guided their common resistance to England. Benjamin Franklin did a superlative propaganda job in Paris during the triumphant struggle to secede from the British Empire.

With the democratization of suffrage and the westward bulge of the nation, America developed remarkable devices of elec-

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toral propaganda, like torchlight processions, that stirred the rank and file to a virile sense of participation in the great decisions of the hour. The secret societies proselyted across the nation for new members and occasionally inaugurated crusades on controversial matters. The great agitations—against slavery, against the liquor traffic, against monopoly, for women's rights—were psychic waves that swept across successive generations. In war—whether war between the States, with Britain, with Mexico, with Spain or with the Central Powers—propaganda played a growing part. The great humanitarian causes—educational, recreational, curative—called for skill in inducing gifts.

The main stream of propaganda, however, was neither religious, partisan, reformist, official or philanthropic. It was commercial. It was advertising. Its purpose was to control buying habits. In a world of spectacular technical advances in the creation of new goods, and in a world where ancient habits were upset by migration, advertising bounded to undreamed of heights. With some rhetorical license one might say that if Columbus found the continent the advertiser formed the nation.

Although the broad lines of the story of the place of propaganda in American history are evident, exact information is scarce. How much money has America spent on propaganda per year since the 16th century? What proportion of our gainfully employed have been manipulators and handlers of propaganda? The moment we pose questions of this kind we are at a loss. Research has not caught up with curiosity. Some facts are known. We know about what is spent every year for advertising. For instance the gross income of the National Broadcasting Company in 1937 was $39,000,000. The Columbia Broadcasting System took in $29,000,000 and the Mutual $2,000,000. For radio advertising as a whole (including the chains) the total was no less than $125,000,000. For national newspaper and magazine advertising the total was close to $800,000,000.

The rapid expansion of publicity activities by the Federal government during the Great Depression led to the inquiry

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instituted by a Senatorial Committee (Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia, chairman). A report prepared for this committee by the Brookings Institution gives some information about the scope of Federal activities in 1936. $600,000 was the salary bill of publicity men. On October 1, 1936, there were 146 persons fully occupied with publicity and 124 partially so. Salaries of $5,000 or over were paid to 26 persons in the first class and to 21 persons in the second. There is no reliable figure for the amount spent on the various forms of publicity work. We know, of course, that the new or the rapidly-expanded agencies of government are the most active in public relations. Contrast, for example, the staid Treasury with the bouncing record of the P.W.A. The Department of Agriculture belongs to the "rapidly-expanded agencies" and possesses one of the most elaborate and inventive publicity machines in the nation.

America's propaganda bill would include much of the money spent by the hundreds of trade and professional associations. This "Third House of Congress" has not been recently and authoritatively examined; but no one who follows public affairs has the least doubt of the vigor of the Chamber of Commerce, the American Federation of Labor, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, the American Farm Bureau Federation, the American Medical Association, the National Educational Association, the National Manufacturers' Association and the like. The mere enumeration of some of the chief trade associations connected with different media gives a solid sense of reality: Association of National Advertisers (who control the big commercial budgets); Association of Advertising Agencies (who collect 15 per cent of the amount charged by the media); American Newspaper Publishers Association; National Association of Broadcasters; National Association of Accredited Publicity Directors, etc.

The most distinctive group engaged in propaganda, however, falls almost entirely outside the categories mentioned above. The most specialized propagandist is the "public relations

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counsel" who serves several clients. Often he is an "idea man" and works with a small staff (the late Ivy Lee was a famous example). Or he may run a shop large enough to turn out a metropolitan newspaper (one operator in New York has at least 325 employees).

In addition to independent public relations men there are specialized public relations officers inside every large modern enterprise. Only research based on intimate knowledge of "who does what" can ever give us any dependable report on the prevailing situation. We know of corporations in which the head of the publicity looks after the public relations; elsewhere the job is done by a Vice-President. Sometimes the key man is in the law department—or he may be in the sales department. He may be on the Board of Directors. In large law firms, with many partners and clerks, some partners specialize in different kinds of "contacts." Investment banking houses doubtless search for a Thomas Lamont.

Part of the difficulty in understanding what is going on derives from the lack of standard terms. The problem, as usual, is not to quarrel about words but to find out what they mean to the person using them. Suppose you define propaganda as I do, as the use of symbols to influence controversial attitudes; you must at once lay down many special rules before you can deal with reality. For many Americans "Presbyterianism" or "Catholicism" are controversial matters: shall we include the entire budget of all the denominations in the propaganda bill of the country? Or shall we say that the term propaganda applies only to efforts to convert the unbeliever, thus restricting ourselves to the amounts expended on foreign and domestic missions? I speak of these problems with no intention of implying that they are insoluble but for the sake of showing why caution is needed if we are to understand the language in this field. Let us take another example. In writing of the "publicity activities" of the Federal government or of a trade association or of a corporation we may be referring to quite different kinds of material. A government film on "How to Grow Hogs" may be

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useful to the agricultural colleges that are trying to teach skill in hog raising, but the film may be a total loss as general entertainment. "The Plow That Broke the Plains," on the other hand, is full of dramatic interest to the casual audience. It is capable of arousing people to accept the proposition that soil conservation is a national need and that the agencies now engaged in it should be supported. Films—or words of any kind—inculcate attitudes and transmit *skill* in varying degrees. For exact comparisons it is useful to segregate the material of low skill-content from material of high attitude-content (and it should not be overlooked that the two go together in varying proportions). A consideration of these technical difficulties is vital to sound judgment on the treacherous subject of propaganda. Here, as elsewhere, the making of distinctions is the beginning of wisdom.

Whatever our degree of dissatisfaction with our present ignorance of propaganda we are on firm ground in asserting that Americans spend more and more on propaganda and that the propagandist plays an ever more decisive part in the policy of official and unofficial agencies. In short, we have to do with the expansion of an old function and the concurrent rise of a special skill-group concerned with the function. The propagandist is exerting more control over the fruits, and even the honors, of society.

Is the rise of the propagandist a feature unique to American civilization or is this a general trend in world affairs? When we undertake to answer this question we come upon data of exceptional interest.

It is probable that in Germany there has been a sharp drop in the total volume of propaganda since 1933. Party propaganda is now monopolized in the hands of a single political party and private business is subjected to minute regulation in the name of the needs of the Reich. Judged by the volume of commercial advertising the effect has been to diminish the stream of paid persuasion. The number of newspapers and magazines has de-

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clined sharply and total circulation has contracted. There has also been a decline in total propaganda in Italy as in Germany.

But decline is not invariably associated with totalitarian governments: there has been a rise in the volume of propaganda in Russia. Pre-Soviet Russia was illiterate and Soviet Russia has enormously widened the circle of the literate. Pre-Soviet Russia was chiefly rural and little given to advertising; Soviet Russia is far more industrial and has revolutionized the basis of agriculture. The stupendous transformations in the style of Russian life have been accompanied and fostered by unceasing propaganda. The vigor of the new régime is such that more people have been induced to do more things in more different ways than ever before. And the volume of propaganda is responsive to precisely these variables: the number of people, the number of acts, the number of novel acts (per period of time).

If we examine the German case with more patience we find that the crucial point is not the volume of propaganda but the change in the relative position of propaganda and propagandists. Although there is less propaganda in German society there is more government; the sphere of business has shrunk. And those who occupy the glittering posts in the government are recruited to a marked degree from men who specialize in propaganda and the organization of mass parties (Hitler, Goebbels and others). The conclusion is this: the business man has lost out to the party man; bargaining skill has become less influential than propaganda skill.

We have now isolated a feature characteristic of all totalitarian states, whether the total volume of propaganda has gone up or down in recent years. The disappearance of the business man is most complete in Soviet Russia, of course; the men who run Russia are recruited from specialists in propaganda and mass party organization. This was more marked in the early days of the Revolution than it is today: the great names of 1917 —Lenin, Trotsky and the others—were the names of powerful orators and effective organizers. The orator has given way to the organizer (Stalin, Kaganovitch); and tomorrow the party

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man may give way to the military man. But the fact remains that as the business man went out, the propagandist—and the mass organizer—came in.

The German case is instructive if we look at it another way. Just before the taking of power by the Nazi party, Germany was a seething cauldron of clashing propaganda. Communists, Social Democrats, Democrats—and many other sizable and fractional parties—were at one another's throats. Business, though not booming, was engaged in vigorous promotion. In those critical times practically every component element in the structure of the German nation became conscious of its special interests and used propaganda to advance them. Germany was at the peak of a rising curve of propaganda that extends back over many years. The position of German business was undergoing a subtle transformation. Business was accustomed to buy advertising skill. As the situation became more acute, business began to buy more skill in political propaganda. Its subsidies were scattered among several parties: the significant point is that they increased in amount. As social insecurity was intensified the amount of social energy that went into propaganda was augmented. Then a profound change occurred in the relative position of the propagandist. That sector of the propaganda group that stayed in the pay of business (and continued to be in business for itself) lost out. It lost to that fraction of the propaganda group that played active politics. And it ultimately lost to that minority of propagandists who combined propaganda with mass organization and with mass violence. German business began by paying for more profits; then it paid for protection; and it ended by paying for its own destruction.

After this glance at the general trend of world affairs we bring our eyes back to America with renewed interest. We see that America pays more for propaganda as the nation grows less secure. Business has always divided its contributions to advertising and to political parties. Today in the form of public relations, there is a broadening of the scope of advertising. Is this the preliminary to even greater dependence upon the propa-

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gandist—and, eventually, upon the political propagandist? Under the forced draft of the Great Depression, developments have been particularly rapid. The Great Collapse impaired the prestige of business and men turned with hope to government. As the sense of emergency abated, business began a counter-offensive in a series of tremendous advertising campaigns (notably the "March with Business to Better Times" campaign of the United States Chamber of Commerce in 1936). The overwhelming defeat of the Republican candidate in 1936 was a jolt to many leaders of business and they took stock of their position. They redoubled their efforts at advertising and they undertook to improve their total public relations. Big business corporations felt particularly isolated from smaller business and from other elements in the nation. Already, however, a successful campaign had shown the way to better results. In 1935 the chain stores defeated the proposed chain store tax in the state of California by identifying themselves with the locality, with the workers and with the consumers. Business at large saw the wisdom of seeking to turn every conceivable contact into account.

For better or worse the future of business is bound up with propaganda. If propaganda can remove the basic causes of the recurring crises of insecurity in our society, propaganda will continue to be a business, and a servant of business. If propaganda cannot lead to action that removes the sources of difficulty, political propaganda may well become the master here as elsewhere.

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Must Religion Be Unreasonable?

JULIUS SEELYE BIXLER

REASONS are merely bookish things" remarked a student. "They apply to problems of the classroom but cannot stand up against the forces of mass suggestion outside. It is because college graduates sense this" he went on "that so few go into politics or have a genuine religious faith." George Santayana makes one of the characters in his novel carry this skepticism further and ask whether things can ever be reasonable in the sense of being what we should like them to be. "Your philosophy requires you to find a reason for everything?" he asks. "But do you know why you were born? Do you know what you are living for? It just happens. Is anything in this world as anybody would have wished? . . . No; but we have to make the best of (things) as they are. And sometimes it's glorious work." If parts of it really are "glorious work" we are not so badly off, yet the work which the conversation proceeds to describe is war. Some things, then, are worth doing from some points of view and sometimes it is well to do them. But we must not look for a reasonable worth-whileness in the system as a whole.

For this habit of taking reasons as applying in books and not in life, and to parts of experience but not to the whole, Protestant theology must I think take its share of the blame. Protestantism began with an emphasis on freedom of belief and on a positive truth which free, critical opinion could reach. But today it seems to have lost confidence in itself. At one time it produced books with titles like *The Reasonableness of Christianity* and *Christianity Not Mysterious*. Yet to stand today before the great Reformation monument in Geneva and to read its quotations urging the rights of reason is to listen to voices which come as from another world. What has made the change?

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Must Religion Be Unreasonable?

The modern revolt against reason in religion draws much of its stimulus from the rediscovery of Kierkegaard, a brooding, pessimistic Danish thinker of the 19th century. That Kierkegaard has important insights no one who studies him can deny. But it is difficult to see that his words deserve so much uncritical repetition today. Religion, he says, is based on despair. In a lugubrious figure he compares man's struggle to obey the absolute will with the desperate efforts at communication of a man buried alive. No complacent professor of philosophy, he adds, need think he can draw near to God through his own critical insight.

Following Kierkegaard such a prominent Swiss theologian as Karl Barth—who became famous through his defiance of the Nazi authorities at Bonn—ridicules any attempt to work out a Christian philosophy. If it is Christian, he says, it is not philosophy, and if it is philosophy it is not Christian. Barth has many followers in both Switzerland and Germany, the latter notable for their heroic personal resistance to political fascism though they seem unaware that they are setting up a fascist method in theology. Barth's influence in Sweden led the writer Aulén to say that rationalism is a sign of the pride of the autocratic self which denies God; and Bring holds that God has only one aspect, the irrational, so that the nearer we approach reasonableness in our theology the further we move from God as he is.

Most people would agree that the distinction between religious faith and analytical reason is obvious. About the man who knows all the answers and for whom there are no mysteries there is a cocky jauntiness against which the deeper religious instincts rebel. But this glorying in the limits of the reasonable suggests a morbid defeatist attitude which we can only distrust. Why, we ask ourselves, should these men try to make harder a problem which is already hard enough? Why must they be so controversial at a time when understanding is so desperately needed? Is this perhaps a result of the nervous bodily weariness which war and totalitarianism have produced in Europe?

It would be natural to say this were it not for the growing

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influence of the movement in America. But many of our former religious liberals, impressed by the failure of liberalism's discussion method to cope with a world of competing dogmatisms, have become dogmatic in their turn. A reasonable liberalism is too easy they say. It is too unrealistic, too far removed from the sterner virtues. Thus they make much of what they call the catastrophic forces of history. God is the "Unconditioned" who breaks into the flux of human events with the force of a volcanic eruption. He brings wrath and judgment. The response to his sovereign will must be made not by love, which is too insipid, but by repentance and fear. In unwitting agreement was the Scotchman who said of church policy: "It isna' right, it isna' good, but it is the will of God." Along with this return to a Calvinistic theology many of the leaders adopt a dogmatism in politics. We must move theologically to the right, politically to the left, back to sin and on to Moscow. In religion we must have passive faith, in politics aggressive action.

It seems clear that its alliance with political radicalism has made this theologically conservative movement gain ground so speedily in this country. Most of us agree that a belief in inevitable progress is now outmoded and that society needs an active push if it is ever to straighten itself out. If we have any sense at all for the meaning of religion we cannot sit idly by and do nothing to apply it to a social order that watches stocks rise as wages are reduced. And is it well to give the impression that aggressive action in politics must be linked with excited controversy in theology? But if religion has lost the interest of morally sensitive men because it has failed to remedy social injustice, must it also forfeit the interest of thoughtful men by parading the virtues of unreason? How can a revived Calvinism meet the needs of an industrialized era? The statistics of the United States Chamber of Commerce on the discrepancy, during the boom period, between the increase in dividends on the one hand and in wages and employment on the other, show clearly enough that capitalism in its present form does not operate toward religious ends. The new religious leaders are not

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bigots but their methods are not far removed from those which bigots have always used. The basic inconsistency of these men lies in the fact that in their books they try to give us reasons for neglecting reason. I have simplified the issue and instead of trying to give an account of the movement as a whole I have taken statements made by the extremists. But I believe that as a description of a tendency it is not unfair. Certainly these quoted statements have been made and the movement grows as it feeds on them.

Is this not, like the student's weariness and the pessimism of the novel, a symptom of the ground-swell of irrationalism in which we are caught? So familiar are the words "blood," "race" and "myth" as slogans of European politics that we have almost begun to take them for granted as expressing unreason of an alien European type. But are we so far from it ourselves?

Let us take an illustration from contemporary philosophy. Can anyone say that philosophy retains the confidence the 19th-century idealisms showed in the power of mind to discover the reasonably real and to bring human life under its control? Philosophy divides today into two main streams. The first flows into symbolic logic. This is an important intellectual discipline. We must get our ideas clear; we must know what our meanings mean. But logicians take a certain pride in saying that their meanings apply to any possible world and not specifically to the one in which we live. And this seems only to accentuate the gap between reasonable and real. No one would say that symbolic logic should be given up. But does not the disproportionate effort now going into it show a lack of confidence in philosophy's ability to handle its main job—which is to give a reasonable description of the real world? The second stream goes off into the social sciences and here the result is the opposite. Whereas the logician is concerned with meanings as contrasted with facts, the philosopher turned social scientist is preoccupied with facts as contrasted with meanings. So afraid is he of not being a truly "scientific" recorder of what he finds that he hesitates to dwell on what he should find. Thus he

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shows us what happens when men live together in groups but declines to tell us what should happen and how it can be made to happen. In this case as in the other the gap between ideal and real is left unbridged.

It is almost as if we were feeling the effects in this country of certain recent German denials of the power of thought—with the difference that the German revolt included only a part of the field of philosophical effort and was out in the open whereas ours is more general and also more indirect. "I think," Descartes had said in his tentative way, "therefore I am." Yes, Descartes, comes the answer today, but why do you think? You think because you aren't man enough to do anything else or because as man you haven't life enough to do anything else. In you evolution has reached a blind alley. Man, say Lessing, Klages and Bok, tries to think because he is no longer able to feel. Nietzsche was right in affirming there is more reason in the body than in the wisest wisdom. But man's body with its falling teeth and hair, its failing senses, atrophy of the muscles and susceptibility to disease is nothing to be proud of. With an overgrown tumor called a brain and with signs of degeneracy in his other organs, man is a back eddy of the life-stream, a faux-pas of nature. An anthropologist has become an apologist for man.

This is a forthright point of view which we can meet and conquer or else submit to. But in our own cultural life a much more insidious attack on our confidence in reason is made by the practising psychologists whom we call psychiatrists, especially those of the psycho-analytical school. Our theoretical and research psychologists go far enough themselves in the effort to make us believe we are victims of unconscious drives on the one hand or "conditioned reflexes" on the other. Yet in the fact that they still write books they allow us at least a modicum of reason to which their own eloquence tries to appeal. But it often seems as though the psychiatrists did their best to make ineffective what little reason we have left. Grant we must that the psychiatrist has many achievements to his credit

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in the way of practical healing. But neither he nor we can deny his failures, and especially his failure to get across to the general public a reasonable idea of what normal life is like.

For consider—when you go to a psychiatrist and he asks about the origin of your ideas in childhood frustrations and their consequences in an adjustment to life, do you and the rest of us not gain the impression that origins and results are the real tests of truth? And do we not jump from this to the conclusion that in the making of ideas causes are more important than reasons? Actually the only tests for the truth of the ideas of the healthy mind are internal consistency and external conformity to fact. Origins and results may help to make clear how and why, in the case of the sick mind, these tests have been neglected. They can never take the place of the tests themselves. Yet we have become so facile in asking these questions that we use them as if they alone were appropriate. Thus we have begun to treat ideas as if they were solely aspects of a bodily process.

Indeed, where William James protested against the "medical materialism" of his day and quoted the remark that Peter's melancholy over the universe came from a torpid liver and Eliza's loyalty to her church from an hysterical constitution, we find our generation going further. James' contemporaries could at least point to observable bodily conditions as the causes of some mental states. Ours rely on so-called repressions which, because they are unconscious, are actually observable neither by the one who has them nor by anyone else. When Jung, for example, says that when he sees sugar in a test-tube he knows its cause and when he sees a horse in a dream he knows its cause as well, we feel that he is talking myths as well as about myths. The psychiatrist always has the upper hand because the final interpretation is his. If a patient does not say what a psychiatrist thinks he should, it is set down to his unconquerable "negativism." All this leads to an indirectness in the way we take our ideas. Humanity is now divided into two classes, neurotics and morons. Neurotics are those who are still struggling, while morons are those who have given up the battle entirely.

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It is hard to believe that a form of art like surrealism could have arisen except in a psychiatric age, for surrealism exploits not imaginative control but free or bodily association. Things are placed together because they come together in fantasy, but the sequence of images in fantasy is the sequence of bodily states. Thus when a man standing before a surrealist canvas labelled "Horse Eating Grass" said he didn't see any grass his friend replied "The horse has eaten it." "But I don't see any horse" said the first. "Of course not" replied the friend. "After eating the grass he moved on." The sequence, we may add, was that of bodily and not of mental processes.

Contemporary literature shows the same distrust of the reasonable life. Says D. H. Lawrence: "We can go wrong in our minds. But what our blood feels, and believes, and says, is always true." Noel Coward puts it as well as anyone when he makes the married man say in effect to the woman who is also married, but not to him: "Don't you see that this impulse which brings us together is the greatest thing in our lives? Tomorrow you will have remorse, but tomorrow's impulse toward remorse does not compare with today's impulse toward pleasure." In other words we must not let our moods attain the status of ideas or submit to reasonable tests. If the feeling becomes an idea it can be compared with certain things that have a claim upon ideas—the demands of decent family life or a good society or a clear conscience or the will of God. But by keeping it on the level of the body, with the sequence of bodily states which is not that of reason, we can avoid the troubles which come with the larger and more inclusive view.

I believe this unwillingness to test the actual situation for its reasonable qualities is a product of fear and that those theologians who would revive the notion that we are sinners in the hands of an angry God are but aggravating the fears by which we are already beset. We are afraid of the long-range view. And it is impossible not to sympathize with this fear to a certain extent. What have been called the acids of modernity have eaten so far into the older assurances that our fears crop up in

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unexpected places. Ultimately our present unreason has nothing to do with lack of knowledge. It is not that we do not know our world (for we do know it and ourselves as previous generations have not) but that we do not like it—and we do not like it because it contains so many fearful things.

It is thus the old problem of evil which we have on our hands, the problem of why God put us in a place where we cannot have what we want and also cannot seem to get what a reasonable man rightly wants. But although the problem is old our form of it is new. In the last century it took the form of disillusionment over nature. How quickly did the confidence in the goodness of nature held by Emerson and Wordsworth yield to Meredith's skepticism and Hardy's denial of its friendliness. But the 19th century closed with confidence in man and science and society, and it is this which we have lost. The new science of man started out with worthy aims. It promised to leave empty abstractions behind and by concrete examples to show what man is like. Yet now it has developed abstractions of its own. When it pictures the individual as a degenerate Oedipus or a helpless Narcissus we wonder whether we know as much about ourselves as we did when each thought himself a potential Socrates. Society, again—instead of finding in the restraint imposed by an interdependent industrialism a key to the nature of mind, and instead of entering into the Utopian collective life which the new science promised—has split into warring groups whose jealousy and violence amaze us. It thwarts our reason by refusing us the chance even to work for what we want. We believe in peace, but our very membership in a world in which war is raging involves a contribution, however unwilling, to the conflict. We believe in democracy, but it begins to appear that the choice between fascism and communism will be forced upon us.

Here, it seems to me, is the great chance for religion—a chance which is muffed when our theologians persist in adding to our present fears. We cannot agree with our students when

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they say reasons apply only in books, or with the novel which excludes reason from the total picture, for our ideas of both reason and religion rise up in protest. Reason is always a jump ahead of itself. If we were content to say that the world is orderly, governed by the law of cause and effect, we could have a view reasonable within its self-appointed limits. But we insist on saying that the world must include our desires as part of its orderliness and must produce what a disciplined desire would wish. The fact is patent that the world does not do this. But even when we see and say that it does not, we feel an incompleteness in the situation, an unwillingness to leave the matter there, which we believe is a part of the process of reason as it tries to stretch itself to include all the evidence.

And here religion steps in to side with our secret hankering after the larger reason. For God is simply that to which we give our deepest loyalty. And we cannot give our deepest loyalty to anything which divides us against ourselves. Our devotion to God must be one with our devotion to the truth and to all things that are good. If we fear God because he can cast both body and soul into hell we fear not God but a devil. If we love him as we love goodness and truth we find in his worship that which renews our confidence in ourselves by showing us what supports the best there is in ourselves.

I do not see how this can be called either a denial of redemptive love or a setting up of human pride. A reasonable love is the gift of God to us as unreason is not. The power that makes for fellowship is a power not ourselves, with a much longer history than our own and with the marks of belonging to the cosmic process in a much more permanent way than do our frail human bodies. The forces of hate and fear are more nearly our own creations since they are our failure to live up to what has been implanted within us. The love which spent itself on the cross set forth the highest type of reasonableness because it saw the good for which no sacrifice was too great. Why then is it irreverent to ask questions of love? Can we hope otherwise to understand it and make it our own?

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This does not need to mean insensitiveness to those deeper tragic themes which play so large a part in all religious experience. Tragedy will always touch the deepest emotional levels. But the question is whether we shall meet it with morbid repentant fear or with a realistic facing of the facts of evil and a will to use them for spiritual growth.

No more does it mean a neglect of religious faith. We must recall, with William James, that faith is but a reasonable attempt to go beyond present evidence in the belief that truth will be the final result. We live by faith in the sense that we live by the confident drive which presses forward toward a verification of what we are impelled to believe. The skipper believes he will reach the harbor, the general that he will beat the enemy, all of us that our lives are worth the trouble they take. Thus, as Royce himself said, the question is not whether we shall have faith but what kind we shall have. A religiously reasonable faith simply affirms that beyond the present chaos a more orderly state of affairs must be attainable.

Religion is not life minus reason but reason plus confidence in life. Reason says we must bring consistency to experienced facts. Religion says these include the very important facts of the inner life with its abiding loyalties; that we must not indulge in fantasy but must adjust our feelings to what we find. Religion agrees but maintains that the desire for consistency is itself a feeling which with other feelings points the way to new facts. Thus although it may be vague to say religion should be reasonable, it is one degree less vague than to say it should set itself up in opposition to reason. And the vagueness may be in part removed by noticing briefly certain things which religion and reason have in common.

In the first place they are alike in the type of faith they profess. Socrates remarks in the *Meno*:

> Some things I have said of which I am not altogether confident. But that we shall be better and braver and less helpless if we think that we ought to inquire than we should have been if we indulged in the idle fancy that there was no knowing and no use in seeking to know

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what we do not know—that is a theme upon which I am ready to fight, in word and deed, to the utmost of my power.

Does this sound like negative criticism or a bookish view? This faith in truth needs very little expansion to become faith in the beautiful and the good and in the God who makes them possible.

Second, both have not only a positive inner faith but an insight into a positive outer ideal which controls human life at its best. For example we often bring out the supposedly negative nature of reason by saying that logic offers merely a check on our judgments. Although reason demonstrates that two contradictory statements cannot be simultaneously true, it fails to show what is positively true. But the awareness that two contradictory statements cannot be true is an awareness of that positive feature of what we call reality which rules out contradictions and keeps them from being true. Since it is an insight into what is actually real, in the sense of having a claim on us, it is an insight into the nature of God.

In the third place reason and religion both take us out of the body and its satisfactions into the presence of things which have the status of ends in themselves. An idea is reasonable, in the strict sense of the word, not because it satisfies our desires but because it is critically established. An end is religious, likewise, when we see it as good for its own sake, not for ours. The monk who wished to put out the fires of hell that men might serve God for himself, rather than in order to avoid punishment, had this truth in mind. In Paul's words religion is that which demands "reasonable service." For "reasonable" need not carry the prudential meaning we sometimes attach to it. As Alfred North Whitehead reminds us, Ulysses shares one type of reason with the foxes but Plato shares another with the gods.

Further, both reason and religion depend on a shared experience. Religion means sharing our substance, time and energy—entering into a common life. When the primitive clan assembled as a unit for the totemistic feast it felt instinctively that it touched the basic level of life and as a matter of course

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the god was invited to be present. To be reasonable, likewise, means to divest ourselves of private prejudice and to submit our ideas to those tests which all men share as thinking beings. The case has never been better put than by the prophet Amos. Appearing at Bethel at a time when men thought more about private profit than about social justice, and more about the most-favored-nation clause in their treaty with God than about collective security, Amos said in effect: You think that Israelites are a peculiar nation set apart by descent and that priests are a peculiar caste set apart by special ceremonies. I tell you that God is to be found not in what makes you different but in what makes you, in the best sense of the word, common. He is known in those universal values which men share not as children of Abraham or priests or profit makers but as men seeking a common ideal of justice. Then, using words which he would use today to the rulers in Rome, he said: Are ye not as the children of the Ethiopians unto me?

Finally, both reason and religion, in the hands of those who know most about them, show a restless alternation of interest reflecting the deeper tensions of life. Plato, for example, would have us think of reason as a conversation where the argument swings from side to side; or as a struggle between a love rising to the point of madness and a logic similar to a skilled dissector's blade. The so-called "dialectic" of reason begins with the idea which in the dimness of our vision we accept, rises from it to the self-evident principle which shines by its own luminousness, and returns to relieve the original darkness. Hegel also describes the unity which belongs to reasonable things as a unity of process by means of which idea and actuality meet and fuse, only to part and meet again in a new union.

It is interesting to observe that the giants of the religious life also speak of a rhythm. As has often been pointed out, the life of the mystic is that of alternation between the will to work and the will to worship. Work sensitively performed must lead to the vision which justifies the work, but in its turn the vision must result in action or it has not been a true vision. In Raphael's

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picture the transfiguration and the healing of the epileptic boy are parts of one event. St. Teresa tests her experiences of the divine by seeing whether they make her more active in good works. The rhythm, furthermore, is not only that of work and worship but that of emotion and idea, of fact and criticism. For the mystic in his emotions touches the facts of his own instinctive and bodily life, the life which he shares with the rest of nature. But in his moments of detachment he attains a vantage point outside of nature and is able to criticize it in the light of the timeless idea.

We feel this rhythm in our ordinary thinking life, and as we feel it we realize more keenly how close are the processes of thought to those of worship. There is a sense in which we rightly take ideas as ends in themselves, abstracting them from the stream of life and yielding ourselves to them in complete devotion. There is a sense also in which ideas refuse to remain isolated and insist rather on becoming incarnate in life. The idea of the good, for example, always points beyond present achievement. We do not understand its meaning unless we act.

I think it is not illegitimate to press the figure further. Just as reason and religion are alike in requiring a process in which attention to ideas yields to attention to facts while facts in their turn require larger and more inclusive ideas; so the stream of history swings now toward criticism, now toward those experiences which furnish the facts to be criticized, suggesting a larger dialectic at work in society. The Chinese have alternated between the formal ideas of Confucius and the rich nature worship of Lao Tze. In Europe the Enlightenment gave way to the romantic period—to offer only two instances. May not our own irrationalism mean a swing of the pendulum away from an exaggerated confidence in science and toward a new awareness of those deeper instinctive truths of which science itself must take account? If so may we not see in it one evidence of a force which drives men to look for facts when their reasons have become too thin and will drive them back to criticism when the facts have become too diverse?

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But if our present irrationalism is evidence of a swing of the pendulum away from a reason which is too thin and toward emotions which will help to thicken it up, then our irrationalist theologians are in spite of themselves the instruments of a larger Reason whose work we can dimly see in history. And if what they say takes on more meaning when seen as part of a larger historical context, they are themselves but one more example of the fact that religion resides in all the parts of our experience taken together and not in one part separated from the rest. Religious faith is a succession or series of steps. Faith, we are told, is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen—our means of anticipating a reasonableness of whose presence we are convinced although we do not yet see it. "Lord I believe; help thou mine unbelief" is the cry of a man who sees a part and takes it as implying a whole.

When we call faith unreasonable we give up the vision of the whole and pull still further to pieces a world already too much divided against itself. To say that God is sovereign will transcending "our" reason is to put asunder what God himself has joined. Reason after all is "ours" only in the sense that we must observe the rules common to all minds if we wish to think at all. Revelation must meet the tests which we apply to all experience if it is to reveal God and not a specter. Religion in the most literal sense means binding all our experiences together in the bundle of life, just as reason calls for making the bundle shipshape and tidy. It is thus the wholeness of the larger historical process which we must try to see and the wholeness of the inner mental life which we must cultivate, just as it is the insights of a whole man in a whole society which we must trust. Too many men proclaim today the virtues of their land and blood, their special myths and creeds. Too many say also that God's ways are not ours. But we shall never understand how our ways can be made like his until we mend them and make them whole by the use of that universal reason which the human mind shares with the divine.

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In the Workshop

Americans Need Books—and Books Need Americans

H. A. OVERSTREET

If you were to take time off for a comprehensive tour of the United States this year you would bring to light some humiliating facts about the general cultural level of the country. You would find, if you had kept an accurate note book, that there are less than 500 good bookshops in this country of 130 million people; less than 5,000 book outlets of any kind whatsoever, even including drug store circulating libraries; and that two thirds of the counties of the United States as well as half the towns with populations of 5,000 to 100,000 are without bookshops of any sort.

Nor is this lag taken up by the libraries. Your note book would show that 45,000,000 Americans are completely without library service and that an additional 40,000,000, because of extremely low library budgets, have service only of the poorest sort.

It would not be fair to blame the book publishers for these conditions. They bring out annually some 8,000 titles; only a few hundred of which can be counted on to become the best sellers that earn substantial profit for publisher, jobber, bookseller and author. The publisher must spend his money advertising these money makers, which means that literally thousands of books that are building up our literary history disappear in the limbo of financial loss, some of them to appear forlornly as "publishers' remainders" on drug store bargain counters.

Since the publisher knows that he must carry these financial failures, he manufactures most of his books in small editions of one to three thousand copies. This is an expensive process, which requires him to charge more for his books than the average American wishes to pay for a few evenings' entertainment or education. It is a vicious circle, with the publisher crying, "Give us better distribution," and the purchaser wailing, "Give us lower prices."

It was this situation that gave rise to the Book Group in New York, which for a number of years informally studied problems of publishing and distribution. Writ-

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ers, critics, teachers, librarians, publishers, and editors in and around New York came to the meetings and contributed advice and suggestions.

As the study progressed it became clear that one reason why books were not being bought, and therefore why their prices were high, was the lack of information about them. It was found that very little mention, if any, was made of literature in newspapers outside metropolitan areas. The stress laid upon a few best sellers narrowed this range even more. Then, too, the absence of bookshops and libraries made it difficult for the ordinary person to obtain a book even if he knew about it.

Mail order book selling, of the book club type, had proved successful from a financial point of view; but it had actually added to the ills of the trade by still further emphasizing best sellers. Book clubs did indeed offer a partial solution in that they made books available wherever the mailman went. But it did not seem probable that these private concerns could or would build centers of interest in books—reading circles, discussion groups—or could make available book news that would call attention to a broader field of interest.

The Group finally hit upon the Consumer Cooperative as the means to combine business and education. A Cooperative, run according to the familiar Rochdale technique, would be able to give mail order service, would make available the savings from massed buying through a non-profit, consumer-owned agency, and would have as one of its basic concerns the function of education. It would be able to build up the discussion circles, forums, and study groups that are of the essence of the cooperative movement. And it would accomplish this on a nation-wide basis, thus setting it apart from the valuable but more or less local job that is now being ably done by the college or other similar cooperative bookstores.

The original advisory board which planned and sponsored the Book Cooperative and helped start it on its way included names known throughout the country. *Writers:* Herschell Brickell, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck, Clifton Fadiman, John Chamberlain, Stuart Chase, Selden Rodman, Quincy Howe, Alfred Bingham, Harry Elmer Barnes. *Teachers:* Henry Pratt Fairchild, Alexander Meiklejohn, Lyman Bryson, William H. Kilpatrick, Robert Morss Lovett, John Dewey. *Publishing people:* Charles Madison, Stanley Walker, Coley B. Taylor, Anton Haas. *Librarians:* Gretchen Garrison, Jennie M. Flexner, Gerald McDonald, Charles E. Gosnell, Charles E. Rush. *Ministers:* Benson Y. Landis, Edward L. Israel, Sherwood Eddy, Reinhold Niebuhr. *Cooperators:* Bertram Fowler, Wallace Campbell.

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The Book Cooperative took its plunge in November 1937. It was chartered as the Cooperative Book Club by the state of New York, gained the authorization of the State Education Department, and became a member of the Cooperative League of the U.S.A. It opened offices—now at 118 East 28th St., New York City.

In the beginning it possessed very little working capital, used a great deal of volunteer help and had no thought that large-scale savings would be available for a long time to come. Since there were no endowment funds that could be secured for launching this non-profit organization, the Club had to grow gradually on its own resources. It followed the Rochdale principles, with members owning the Club and controlling its policies. Books were sold at the market price and savings returns were made at the end of the year. The results were better than had been expected, for at the end of the first year and a half of operation the individual members were returned a patronage refund of 15 per cent.

The biggest problem in starting the Book Cooperative was that of distribution. This was met by communicating with leading people in various communities, suggesting to them the formation of cooperative book buying groups and cooperative circulating libraries. The Club had no guide as to who these leaders were but proceeded on the theory that they probably were college teachers and ministers in the main. This proved correct. The response of these teachers and ministers to an offer of efficient book service laid the basis for large-scale distribution.

A further aid to distribution was the monthly publication, the *Readers' Observer*, sent free to all members and cooperative groups. This publication proved of additional educational value since it covered general book news and stressed important publications that might otherwise have been born to blush unseen under the imposing growth of best sellers.

Of the various undertakings of the Cooperative, the Library Cooperative, owned and operated by librarians, is advancing most rapidly. Inasmuch as the libraries of this country do not pool their orders, the discount that each receives depends upon its budget and the bargaining ability of its librarian. Libraries with impressive budgets command discounts of from 25 per cent to 33 1/3 per cent; others receive from 15 to 25. The small libraries whose budgets do not interest the jobbers have to be satisfied with even less. The Book Cooperative for Libraries, building slowly toward a project of jobber size hopes to level this difference and eventually to obtain for all its members the dealer discount of 40 per cent. Started modestly in July 1938 with no

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capital, it is progressing slowly and does not expect spectacular results during its first years. But already 92 libraries, including city, county, small town, university, seminary, high school and cooperative libraries, have been attracted to its ranks, and are gaining a voice in the book field that they have hitherto lacked.

By making use of the machinery set up to serve libraries the 12,000 other Cooperatives in this country—consisting largely of stores and buying groups, linked by their educational agency, the Cooperative League—will be able to offer local book services. Already 84 Cooperatives are supplying their members with books.

Cooperative book buying is spreading throughout the country. Every state in the union is now represented either in the Book Club or the Book Cooperative for Libraries. The largest percentage of members come from New York. Close seconds are California, Illinois, New Jersey, Massachusetts, and Pennsylvania. In all cases the Cooperatives have retained their original purpose of being entirely independent of commercial, religious or political affiliations.

It would seem as though the technique of cooperative buying might yet break through the vicious circle of high prices and meagre distribution. Americans need books and books need Americans. It may be that the cooperative idea will bring them together.

Slavica Rara

CEDRIC LARSON

THE Slavic Collections in the Library of Congress, comprising the largest body of Slavica in the new world and one of the largest outside of Russia, occupy a linear shelving space of more than three miles in the modern air-cooled east wing of the Library. And there are, in addition to the 160,000 volumes and pieces of Slavica under the Slavic Division's jurisdiction, a great number of Slavic books housed in such other Divisions as the Rare Book Room, the Smithsonian Division, the Law Library, the Music and the Maps Division. One might estimate, therefore, that there are about 200,000 books and pieces of Slavica in the Library.

This collection covers not only the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics but also the boundary nations and buffer states, and Poland, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and Yugoslavia. More than 100 distinct languages are spoken by the 225 million people living in these lands and there exists a considerable body of literature in at least half these tongues. The Library has a goodly amount of material in Bulgarian, Czech, Cheremisian, Chuvashian, Croatian, Estonian, Finnish, Georgian (Gruzian), Hebrew, Kirgiz, Latvian, Lithuanian, Magyar (Hungarian),

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Montenegrin, Moravian, Polish, Rumanian, Servian, Slovakian, Slovenian, Tartar, Ukrainian, Wendic, Yukat, and White Russian. Works in Great Russian of course constitute the major portion of the collections.

To give a description of the contents of the Slavic Division in the field of belles-lettres and the social sciences would be merely to catalogue all the major Russian writers in these fields, so extensive are the holdings. However some mention may be made of particular fields in which the collections are especially rich. In the field of revolutionary literature in the troubled years of 1910 to 1920 the Slavic Division has a wide variety of material. Thousands of volumes of "underground" books and publications are on file, as well as the publications of *emigrés* to other nations from all the political "splinter parties" which abounded in Russia at one time.

The Library has the original "Izvestia" or *Official Bulletin* of the Russian government following the overthrow of the Tsar, material of the Kerenski government, and all the publications of major importance of the Bolsheviki, including war posters and photographs. The files of "Pravda," the official daily of the Russian Communist Party, of the Third (Communist) International, and Red (Communist) Labor Unions, are virtually complete. There is a special collection of about 300 newspaper (titles) published in Russia and abroad during the Revolution and internecine strife of 1917-1920, representative of all political hues. Hundreds of war and revolutionary posters of the years 1915-1920, and military maps and documentary papers which cannot be duplicated elsewhere here await the hand of the historian. One might safely say that with the possible exception of the Hoover War Library of Stanford University, the Library of Congress possesses the finest holdings of Russian revolutionary ephemera in the new world, if not outside Russia.

The collection of historical serials and publications includes virtually complete files of *Russkii Archiv*, *Russkaia Starina*, *Starina I Novizna*, *Sbornik Russkago Istoricheskago Obshchestva*, and *Viestnik Evropy*, as well as the *Russian Biographic Dictionary* (25 vols., 1896-1918), the magazine of the Imperial Russian Historical Society (148 vols., 1867-1916), *Archives of Prince Vorontsov* (40 vols., 1875-1895), *Russian Historical Library* (39 vols., 1872-1927), and the rare 1912 edition of the *Dictionary of the Spoken Living Great-Russian Language* (4 vols.) by V. I. Dal. There are in addition about 2,000 titles of Russian publications issued in the United States and Canada, chiefly concerned with the history and affairs of Russian immigrants to the new world.

In the field of Slavica Rara the

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Library possesses an original of *The Acts of the Holy Apostles as Recorded by the Holy Apostle and Evangelist Luke*, published in Moscow in 1564, the work of Feodorov and Timefeev, official printers of Ivan the Terrible. This sumptuous-appearing volume marks the beginning of Russian printing and ranks along with the Gutenberg Bible in rarity. The period of Peter the Great (1698-1725) is represented by about 40 books, a few printed in the old style Cyrillic characters but most of them in the simplified Cyrillic alphabet adopted by that Tsar.

Mention should certainly be made of the portion of the Winter Palace Library of the late Nicholas II which was acquired by purchase in 1931 and is now housed in the Rare Book Room archives of the Library of Congress. It consists of some 1,733 volumes on political, military, religious, sport, musical and historic subjects, including a set of 128 volumes tabulating the results of the first imperial Russian census statistics in 1897. There are 177 volumes of considerable importance on legal subject matter and dozens of documentary works intended only for the highest administrative and military officials and now of immense value to the historian. The books of the Winter Palace Library are richly bound and most of them contain the bookplate of the Tsar.

The nucleus of the Slavic Division, the famous Yudin Collection of some 68,000 volumes and pieces acquired about 30 years ago from the merchant, G. V. Yudin of Krasnoyarsk, Siberia, has not yet been completely catalogued.

Outstanding Publications on The American College

The Cultural Obligations of the College Faculty—The Proceedings of the Twenty-Fifth Annual Meeting, 1939. Addresses by Sir William David Ross, O. C. Carmichael, Ordway Tead, Byron V. Kanaley, Harvie Branscomb, Francis Pendleton Gaines, C. S. Boucher, Mildred H. McAfee, Samuel K. Wilson, David D. Jones, Arthur T. Vanderbilt, and Charles F. Wishart. Annual Reports, Minutes, Membership, Constitution. (Bulletin, March 1939.) $1.50.

BULLETIN of the Association of American Colleges, edited by Guy E. Snavely. Issued four times a year. $3.00.

Comprehensive Examinations in American Colleges by Edward Safford Jones. Report of an investigation. $2.50.

Comprehensive Examinations in the Humanities by Edward Safford Jones. Questions used in senior terminal examinations. Single copy, $1.25; 10 copies, $10.00.

College Music by Randall Thompson. Report of an investigation of non-professional offerings in selected typical institutions. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Architectural Planning of the American College by J. Fredrick Larson and Archie M. Palmer. The McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York. $2.00.

A Survey of College Faculties by B. W. Kunkel. Report of an investigation of the background of college teachers. Single copy, 25 cents; 10 copies, $2.00.

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Discussion

Not *Fewer* Pressure Groups

To the Editor:

In his article "More Blessed to Get!" in the Winter 1938-1939 number of THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Mr. Harding advances the idea that the right to petition is the "essence of free government"; that it is being abused to such an extent that democracy itself is in peril and a dictatorship threatens in the United States today. He calls attention to the "literally thousands of pressure groups, . . . representing every conceivable current of human thought, no matter how bizarre," using every means "from bribery to begging and humbuggery" to attain their ends. He condemns them all. "Rapacity, however, is not confined to any one economic or social segment of humanity but is rather evenly distributed throughout." He discusses a number of these groups and their objectives and concludes that pressure groups must be restrained if in no other way, then by a dictator.

Readers should be grateful to Mr. Harding for calling attention to this multiplicity of groups. Some of these groups tend to or try to cancel each other and it is doubtful if many of them achieve substantial results. He gives greater attention to the World War veterans, the United Automobile Workers and certain agricultural interests than to any others. Exception might be taken to such a selection. For example he does not mention the public utilities. He neglects or does not recognize the larger and more powerful groups. He does not seem to realize the role of pressure groups in American life from its very beginning.

Every economic interest easily capable of organization has been so organized. It is inevitable in our scheme of things that that should be so. In the struggle for economic advantage any interest not so organized either gets no attention, or if it is large enough, a small shot in the arm when its collapse threatens; not much of a shot but enough to keep it alive.

The Constitution of the United States is probably one of the best examples of the action of important pressure groups. Security and land speculators, merchants, capitalists, and planters dissatisfied with conditions, changed them by establishing a government powerful enough to serve their interests. This government to the best of its ability proceeded to enact legislation favoring these groups. Before the Civil War southern planters accused northern capitalists of trying to get control of the government to exploit the South still further. The triumph of the North saw the enactment of legislation thoroughly establishing the position of these capitalists. Agriculture, southern and western, not so well organized was unable to resist and was laid prostrate. So far the shot in the arm has not restored prosperity to agriculture or brought agricultural products within the buying reach of the mass of the population. Economic Royalists have proved more than a match for organized labor and unorganized labor must accept the crumbs that fall from the table of plenty.

Possibly the best example of what happens to unorganized interests is the position of the consumer. Not only is the interest of the consumer neglected by the production of goods of inferior quality (not to mention some positively dangerous to health) but his very ability to consume is nullified because of the lack of sufficient purchasing power adequately to exercise that consuming ability. If the consumer were well enough organized he would insist that the machinery of production be put to work to serve his needs as a consumer. We have the machinery and the needs for the goods but the two are not brought together.

I note that Mr. Harding makes no distinction between a group trying to get benefits for many people and one trying to enrich a few. There is a difference. Democracy is not abused when groups are organized and legitimately lobby for their ends. Pressure groups are necessary to inform legislators, especially, of their needs and to keep them constantly informed. In New Jersey members of the legislature are paid $500 annually and usually devote Monday nights for a part of the year to making the laws for the state. Under such conditions they can not acquaint themselves with the needs of the people. Most of the legislators work for a living. They do not have the time to gather information and should welcome groups that present facts and different points of view to

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them. Under the best of circumstances, where government has fact finding agencies of its own, pressure groups perform a useful function. A wise government would of course recognize most of these groups for just what they are—namely small groups seeking special privilege—and take their demands for what they are worth. A good government would try to balance legitimate interests and seek the common good.

Our method of representation partly accounts for the number of our pressure groups. We choose perfectly arbitrary and quite meaningless boundary lines for our units of representation. The representative has many diversified and competing interests in his constituency. He naturally tends to favor the interest that is most strong as he conceives that term. Sometimes it is a Chamber of Commerce, a tax payers association, the Grange or organized labor. (I am sure he seldom considers unorganized labor or unorganized tax payers.) The organization or organizations that put him there, or threaten his tenure, call the tune. We might have better government if we frankly recognized the economic basis of politics and chose representatives to represent the various economic interests. The constituency would then be an economic interest and not a meaningless conglomeration of interests confined by a political boundary line.

There can be no fair government however under any circumstances unless an intelligent attempt is made to evaluate and balance economic interests; not one interest at the expense of others but each specific interest in relation to a larger and common interest. Dictators actually rule in the interest of a group or class. It is a fact that we may get a dictator because the rule of special privilege is being threatened by organized groups. To prevent a dictatorship and to establish a greater economic democracy we need, not fewer groups but stronger ones of the right kind.

EDWARD A. FUHLBRUEGGE,
Newark, New Jersey

Mr. Brinton and Dionysius

To the Editor:

If we are to believe Crane Brinton of Harvard University, the "New History" narrates not only "past politics" but also "past everything." Robinson, Beard, Dunning, Shotwell *et al.*, emphasized the fact that the historian must "deal with *everything* in the past," from arts, music, folklore and economics, to sports, family, sex life "and a good deal else," according to Mr. Brinton's summation of their case for the "new history." Mr. Brinton sympathizes, therefore, with Mathiez "who doubted the wisdom of aiming at such omniscience." And so do I.

For it is quite obvious that no one historian can possess such omniscience for even so much as a brief decade of history: not even Lamartine, or Mark Sullivan. It is exceptionally painful to read the average "new history" of any American textbook writer. Often, as Mr. Brinton has so intelligently intimated, such books degenerate into catalogues of diverse names, most of which (but not all) "have at least one adjective to help them stick in the memory." So neat a turn of phrase, by far the best in Mr. Brinton's essay on "The 'New History' and 'Past Everything'" (AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Spring 1939), is worthy of some of those older scholars of Harvard with whom Mr. Brinton, as a somewhat younger scholar, does not of course wholly agree.

Yet in addition to the mere "catalogue of names" there is also that new type of "new history" filled with the stuff of words. In it we read scores of pages to unearth half a dozen relevant facts and almost as many long-spun platitudes. The excuse for its chatty and informal "approach" and "motivation" technique lies in its "escape dynamism"—it rebels with static grandeur against the already outmoded "catalogue of facts." (My profound apologies to all authors who have written verbose historical textbooks of more than 900 pages.) Surely we Americans are people of magnificent extremes!

It would appear that Mr. Brinton's "scheme of historical investigation and composition" is not so much "like the physicist's conceptual scheme for the electron"—that same conceptual scheme of which Mr. Brinton wrote in his *Anatomy of Revolution* and which fascinated many journalistic critics of that august work—but rather like the "configuration pattern" of the *Gestalt* psychologists. Mr. Brinton sees everything in "patterns" and each contributory "electron" or element of each historical pattern he would fit into its particular little pigeon-hole for purposes of historical classification. Did any one ever before hear of any *Gestalt* pattern or ideology so classified? But one has to admit that Oswald Spengler tried *something* of the sort——as did Buckle also in his now "outmoded"(?) positivism——and that such configurative designs and patterns raise havoc among critics who have never before encountered a psychological and a mathematical "approach" to history. And therefore no critic has yet answered Spengler. Also, I suspect that Mr. Brinton has not annihilated Buckle. But history is an inaccurate "science" at best, and to my mind it comes much closer to

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Spengler's *Gestalt* psychology than to Mr. Brinton's "biology and physics."

Frankly, I do not admire Mr. Brinton's "conceptual scheme." He states that "having gathered an adequate supply of facts . . . the historian will then arrange them *according to some conceptual scheme*." (*Italics* mine.) But any conceptual scheme enables a man to prove whatever he pleases by using whatever facts he pleases. (Of course, Mr. Brinton may be honest, but what about the rest of us?) Is this not a restatement, positively, of Froude's negative criticism of all historical authorship, when Froude wrote that any historical structure was "like a house of blocks built by a child"? The historian has only to select what facts he will, fit them into his general interpretation of events, disregard all other related facts, and he "can prove anything he will." This is the foundation stone for all good historical propaganda—but it has nothing to do with either "scientific" or "sociological" history.

According to the historical philosophy of Mr. Brinton "The historian can get rid of the incubus of absolutism implied in Von Ranke's 'as it really happened' and accept all the advantages of a frankly relativistic position." This may be very reassuring, at first glance. Of course, as Alice said, it is English; but it doesn't mean anything. For it seems to me that any position in the world can be defended on "relativistic" grounds, if I know the meaning of that term.

Lastly, Mr. Brinton holds that "we cannot do much in the study of men in society" except to "announce vague theorems." (*sic.*) Unfortunately, I cannot hold with this thesis, for I feel that it is not only a negation of all past historical procedure but also a negation of all present historical evaluation which, however bad, is worth something. Rather, I should say, for him who can draw a philosophy of human action and thought and conduct, let him draw one.

Here, for example, are the actions, the thoughts and the words (as their words express their thoughts) of men living in a society which we call human. Let the historian present them honestly, without presupposing a conceptual scheme. Then the general reader may perhaps be tempted to read his work, if it is well written. But the good reader usually is tempted to read non-fiction only by dint of his desire to learn something new and valuable from human life—he wants a fragment of philosophic knowledge with his delectation, and he wants to feel that in getting it he is getting his money's worth. It is possible that he doubts the ability of the modern professional historian of today, sitting his life out in a class-room, a library and at a writing desk, to give it to him. Were the songs with wings provided, or the history pregnant with that "philosophy teaching by example" of which Dionysius of Halicarnassus wrote in the days of Augustus Caesar, he would not have to fear the coldness of the reading public.

This is the trouble with the "new historians." They repeat old arts and call them new techniques. The truth is that history did not, as Mr. Brinton states, gain "scope and accuracy at the expense of its audience" a generation ago. In those days (*circa* 1910) there were still many Quality Street magazines which printed fairly decent historical articles. Today the same magazines, if they still exist, print "tripe." *Circa* 1910, I should say, marked only the beginning of our new historians' decadence. One sign of that decadence is Mr. Brinton's rather unoriginal panacea for historical authorship. He would make new rules and formulae. Was it not the rhetoricians of a decadent Hellenistic world who made new rules and formulae for a Greek literature which they could not hope to equal? Was it not the degeneracy of the "golden" post-renaissance days of France which induced Cartesianism, and also the neo-classicism of the Alexandrine drama? Was it not a sign of decadence in every art when "rules and formulae" choked off creative enterprise, from Egyptian monumental designs to classic Greek columns and statuary? May we not read in the pulp press every day the mechanistic brain-children of hide-bound and rule-tied pulp writers, devoid of creative capacity? Our public, I believe, wants mental and spiritual sustenance, not "rules and formulae"—whenever it does not want sheer entertainment! For "conceptual schemes" it has as little use as for the new eugenics. Indeed, every public-at-large, cut off though it may be from the possibility of participating in "creative" literary and historical composition, will always agree, in its great human heart, with Sir Philip Sidney, who wrote in his most penetrating sonnet to authors: "Fool, look into thy heart and write." But nowadays, thanks to the makers of "scientific rules and formulae," human hearts are pretty well obliterated, and that "philosophy teaching by example" of which Dionysius of Halicarnassus once wrote, has pretty much disappeared. Under such circumstances our historians will probably continue to go their own ways, lamenting the unintelligence of a public which stolidly regards them with tolerant, shrewd and very human disinterest.

LLOYD WENDELL ESHLEMAN,
Forest Glen, Md.

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About Our Authors

Double quotation marks usually indicate passages taken directly from autobiographical letters requested from the authors themselves.

William Murrell, author of the two-volume *History of American Graphic Humor*, writes at the close of the second volume: "Quite the most important and exciting development in comic art is the animated cartoon. Its possibilities are so far-reaching as to be unpredictable." JEAN CHARLOT, long established as a "serious" painter and as an authority on Mayan Art, might have written the comment. Last year he spent some months in lecturing at the Walt Disney Studios and came away feeling he had learned as well as given much. . . . For profound pleasure his paintings, lithographs, water-colors ought to be seen, but his written work may have to serve as substitute for many readers. In September of this year Sheed and Ward are bringing out a collection of his essays, *Art: From the Mayan to Disney*, which will include his three former contributions to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR (Vol. 6, No. 2; Vol. 7, No. 2; and Vol. 8, No. 1).

CHARLES A. MADISON'S study of Yiddish literature, "Yiddish Goes to Press," appeared in the Winter 1938-39 AMERICAN SCHOLAR. The persecution of Jews in Nazi Germany has accentuated his natural interest in the lot of the "chosen people." . . . "Although my professional associations are largely non-Jewish [Mr. Madison is college editor of Henry Holt and Company] and my intellectual interests chiefly cosmopolitan I found myself inquiring into the reasons, historical and psychological, for the general and persistent oppression of the Jews ever since they established themselves as a distinct people. Although I had been aware of the medieval massacres of Jewish communities in Germany I was shocked to discover that today's pogrom is only the latest manifestation of a persecution that has stretched across the centuries."

HERBERT J. MULLER is a member of the department of English and Speech at Purdue and author of *Modern Fiction: A Study of Values*, published two years ago. Since "it is difficult to arouse enthusiasm by calling for a moratorium on blessed simplicities, a surrender of the luxury of announcing one's guesses as absolute Truth, I did not expect to revolutionize anything whatsoever by my book." The excesses of the partisans of the various formulae for salvation, however, seem to him "exasperatingly obvious and their bigotry dangerous"—an attitude set forth in his well-documented book. . . . This spring he was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship and he plans to spend the coming year working on a new book —"a study of the principles of literary criticism in the light of modern science, and more particularly an effort to make available for the purposes of the critic the implications of some of the revolutionary findings and theories of science (material with which critics are generally familiar but of which they generally make superficial, erratic or narrowly partisan use)." . . . Mr. Muller is not a stranger to these pages. (See THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Vol. 7, No. 3.)

DWIGHT MACDONALD, staff writer on *Fortune* from 1929 through the spring of 1936, now edits *Partisan Review*. He has also been at work for some years on a social history of the American steel industry. . . . He remarks: "A crusade against monopoly is something that few American politicians can resist. Without much fuss, considering its recent coolness toward White House suggestions, Congress set up the investigating committee the President wanted."

WILLIAM EDWARD BURGHARDT DU BOIS, teacher, author, editor, Fellow of the A.A.A.S., has spent most of a long lifetime studying the problems of the race to which he belongs and the problems indissolubly connected with them—the relationships between white and colored people. In preparation for his realistic approach he added study at the University of Berlin to the years spent in study for his Ph.D. at Harvard. . . . From 1896 to 1910 he was professor of economics and history at Atlanta University; from 1910 to 1932 director of publications of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People and editor of *Crisis*; since 1932 he has been professor of sociology at Atlanta University. In the period between 1896 when his first book, *The Suppression of the Slave Trade*, appeared and 1936 when he published *Black Reconstruction*, he found time to write more than half a dozen additional volumes and to edit the Atlanta University *Studies of the Negro Problem*.

HANS KOHN, inveterate writer, lecturer and teacher, is inveterately interesting. Corroboration of the latter may be found in his former contributions to THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR (Vol. 1, No. 4; Vol. 3, No. 2; Vol. 4, No. 4 and Vol. 6, No. 3) and in his books. Those published in English include *Western Civilization in the Near East, Force or Reason* and *Revolutions and Dic-*

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tatorships. . . . His early study of political science in Prague, where he was born, was interrupted but intensified by two fundamental experiences—the World War, and the Russian Revolution and civil war through which he lived as an Austrian prisoner in Turkestan and later in Siberia. . . . After his return from the Far East he lived in Paris, London and Jerusalem, travelled widely, studied the history and political conditions of Europe and Western Asia and wrote a number of books on the problems of nationalism and the history of the Near East. . . . This multi-lingual historian came to the United States in 1931 (under the auspices of the Institute of International Education) to lecture at American universities and colleges; returned in 1933 as a lecturer at the New School for Social Research; and in 1934 was appointed professor of modern European history at Smith College.

Who's Who lists the library of books (two of them honored by Pulitzer prizes) written by ALLAN NEVINS, now professor of American history at Columbia; tabulates his association, as editorial writer, with the *New York Evening Post* (when it was owned by Oswald Garrison Villard), the *Nation* and the *New Work World*, and as literary editor with the *New York Sun*; notes his academic associations—professor of American history at Cornell, visiting professor at the California Institute of Technology, visiting scholar at the Huntington Library, and holder of the Sir George Watson Chair of American history, literature and institutions in Great Britain. . . . But his *Gateway to History* reveals more. It stands as proof that history can appeal to larger audiences than it now commands; that Mr. Nevins is "earnestly in favor of giving its literary elements more emphasis than our scientific school has recently done. My great joy at Columbia is a body of graduate students who have wholeheartedly entered into my ideas and have been turning out books that commercial publishers are glad to accept and sell." . . . THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR gladly accepted Mr. Nevins' "Grover Cleveland: An Ill-Appreciated Personality" (Vol. 3, No. 2).

A great deal of HAROLD D. LASSWELL'S mature life has been spent in answering the question posed by one of his books—*Politics: Who Gets What, When, How*. An undercurrent of propaganda has run through his days, from 1927 when he brought out *Propaganda Technique in the World War* to his co-authorship this year of *World Revolutionary Propaganda*. But this absorption in propaganda has been judiciously blended with years of a major interest in political science. At present he is Political Scientist with the William Alanson White Psychiatric Foundation and Visiting Sterling Lecturer in Law in the Yale School of Law. His somewhat roaming career has taken him, in the role of political scientist, to the University of Chicago, Syracuse University, Western Reserve University, the University of California and Yenching University; and a mind that roams along well-planned channels has qualified him to act as associate editor of *Public Opinion Quarterly* and advisory editor of *Ethics*.

JULIUS SEELYE BIXLER, Bussey professor of theology at the Harvard Divinity School since 1933, began his academic career as instructor of Latin and English at American College, Madura, India. He returned to this country as director of religious activities at Amherst for a year, but during 1920-22 he was back in the Orient—as lecturer in philosophy at American University, Beirut, Syria. The years 1924-33 were spent at Smith College. Much of his unscheduled time since 1926 has been devoted to writing numerous articles for journals, both theological and secular —including three for THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR (Vol. 1, No. 1; Vol. 1, No. 4; Vol. 4, No. 4); chapters for *Religious Realism* and several similar volumes; and two books—*Religion in the Philosophy of William James* and *Immortality and the Present Mood* (an Ingersoll lecture). . . . For pleasure he chops trees, climbs Mt. Monadnock, plays string quartets and teaches; and he goes on to label as opposites certain other opposites which he likes—"Plato and William James, Mozart and Brahms, Greek thought and Gothic architecture, the red of Delacroix and the blue of Barth. I also like liberals, Quakers, Buddhists, Norman Thomas and Albert Schweitzer. I dislike all dogmatists, many Massachusetts politicians, people who ask me to sign manifestoes, and especially people who write on religion as if it were a wholly reasonable thing."

HARRY ALLEN OVERSTREET has been head of the department of philosophy at C.C.N.Y. since 1911 and lecturer at the New School for Social Research since 1924. He is the author of numerous books, including *A Guide to Civilized Leisure*. The Cooperative Book Club is, he believes, one of the guides.

CEDRIC LARSON (see THE AMERICAN SCHOLAR, Vol. 7, No. 2) has been teaching during the past winter but expects to rejoin the Library of Congress this summer.

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New York to West Coast of South America, via Panama Canal, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru and Chile to Valparaiso

SANTA CLARE	June 23	Aug. 4
SANTA MARIA	June 30	Aug. 11
SANTA LUCIA	July 14	Aug. 25
SANTA BARBARA	July 21	Sept. 1

New York—Caribbean Service, via Curacao, Venezuela, Colombia, Panama, Jamaica and Haiti

SANTA ROSA	June 16	July 7
SANTA ELENA	June 20	July 21
SANTA PAULA	June 23	July 14

Holland-America Line
29 Broadway, N. Y.

New York to Rotterdam via Plymouth and Boulogne-sur-Mer

NIEUW AMSTERDAM	June 13	July 3
VEENDAM	June 17	Aug. 12
STATENDAM	June 22	July 13
NOORDAM	June 24	July 22
VOLENDAM	July	1
ZAANDAM	July 8	Aug. 5

Italian Line 624 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

New York to Mediterranean Ports

CONTE DE SAVOIA	June 17	July 8
SATURNIA	June 24	July 29
ROMA	June	30
REX	July 1	July 22

Matson Line
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

San Francisco to Los Angeles, Honolulu, Pago Pago, Suva, Auckland, Sydney and Melbourne

MARIPOSA	June 20	Aug. 18
LURLINE	*June 22	*July 6
MATSONIA	*June 30	*July 14
MONTEREY	July	18

* Honolulu only

New York to Porto Rico Line
Wall St., N. Y.

New York to San Juan and Trujillo City

COAMA	June 15	June 29
BORINQUEN	June 22	July 6

New York to San Juan, Ponce and Mayaguez

PUERTO RICO	June 17	July 1
PUERTO RICO	July 15	July 29

Nippon Yusen Kaisya Line
25 Broadway, N. Y.

Seattle and Vancouver to Yokohama, Kobe

HIKAWA MARU	June 20	Aug. 11
HIE MARU	June 30	Aug. 25
HEIAN MARU	July 24	Sept. 28

San Francisco via Honolulu to Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai and Hongkong

KAMAKURA MARU	June 24	Aug. 17
TAIYO MARU	June 29	Sept. 2
ASAMA MARU	July 10	Sept. 8
TATUTA MARU	July 27	Sept. 25

Norwegian America Line
24 State St., N. Y.

New York to Norway, Sweden-Denmark-Finland and the Continent

OSLOFJORD	June 3	Aug. 22
STAVANGERFJORD	June 10	July 6
BERGENSFJORD	June 20	July 18

North Cape Cruise

OSLOFJORD	July	6

Panama Pacific Line
1 Broadway, N. Y.

New York and Baltimore to Panama Canal, Acapulco (Mexico), Los Angeles and San Francisco

CITY OF NORFOLK	June 10	July 22
CITY OF BALTIMORE	June 17	July 29
CITY OF NEWPORT NEWS	June 24	Aug. 5
S. S. MAUI	July 1	Aug. 12
CITY OF LOS ANGELES	July 8	Aug. 19
CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO	July 15	Aug. 26

Red Star Line 17 Battery Pl., N. Y.

New York to Southampton, Rotterdam and Antwerp

GEROLSTEIN	June 10	July 8
WESTERNLAND	June 17	July 15
ILSENSTEIN	June 24	July 22
PENNLAND	July 1	July 29

Southern Pacific S. S. Line (Morgan Lines) 531 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

New York to New Orleans

DIXIE	June 17	July 1
DIXIE	July 15	July 29

Swedish-American Line
Rockefeller Center, N. Y.

New York to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Baltic States

DROTTNINGHOLM	June 12	July 13
GRIPSHOLM	July 1	July 24

North Cape Cruise

KUNGSHOLM	June	30

Bermuda-Halifax Cruise

KUNGSHOLM	Aug.	12

United Fruit Company
Pier 3, North River, N. Y.

New York to Havana, Cuba; Panama Canal Zone, Costa Rica, Guatemala and Honduras

VERAGUA	June	17
ANTIGUA	June	17
SANTA MARTA	June	17
CHIRIQUI	June	24
PASTORES	June	24
TOLOA	June	24

New York to Kingston, Jamaica; Panama Canal Zone and Colombia

TALAMANCA	June	14
QUIRIGUA	June	21
JAMAICA	June	28

United States Lines
1 Broadway, N. Y.

New York to Cobh, Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg

PRESIDENT HARDING	June 7	July 6
WASHINGTON	June 14	July 12
PRES. ROOSEVELT	June 21	July 19
MANHATTAN	June 28	July 26

New York to Cobh and Liverpool

AMERICAN SHIPPER	June 2	June 30
AMERICAN IMPORTER	June 16	July 14

New York to London

AMERICAN FARMER	June 9	July 7
AMERICAN BANKER	June 16	July 14
AMERICAN TRADER	June 23	July 21
AMERICAN MERCHANT	June 30	July 28

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